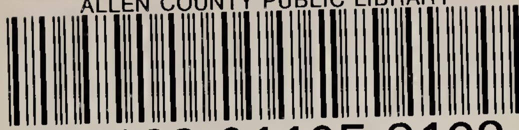
Gc
974.402
C74f
1717867

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION


ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01105 8192

HISTORIC CONCORD

A HANDBOOK OF

Its Story and Its Memorials

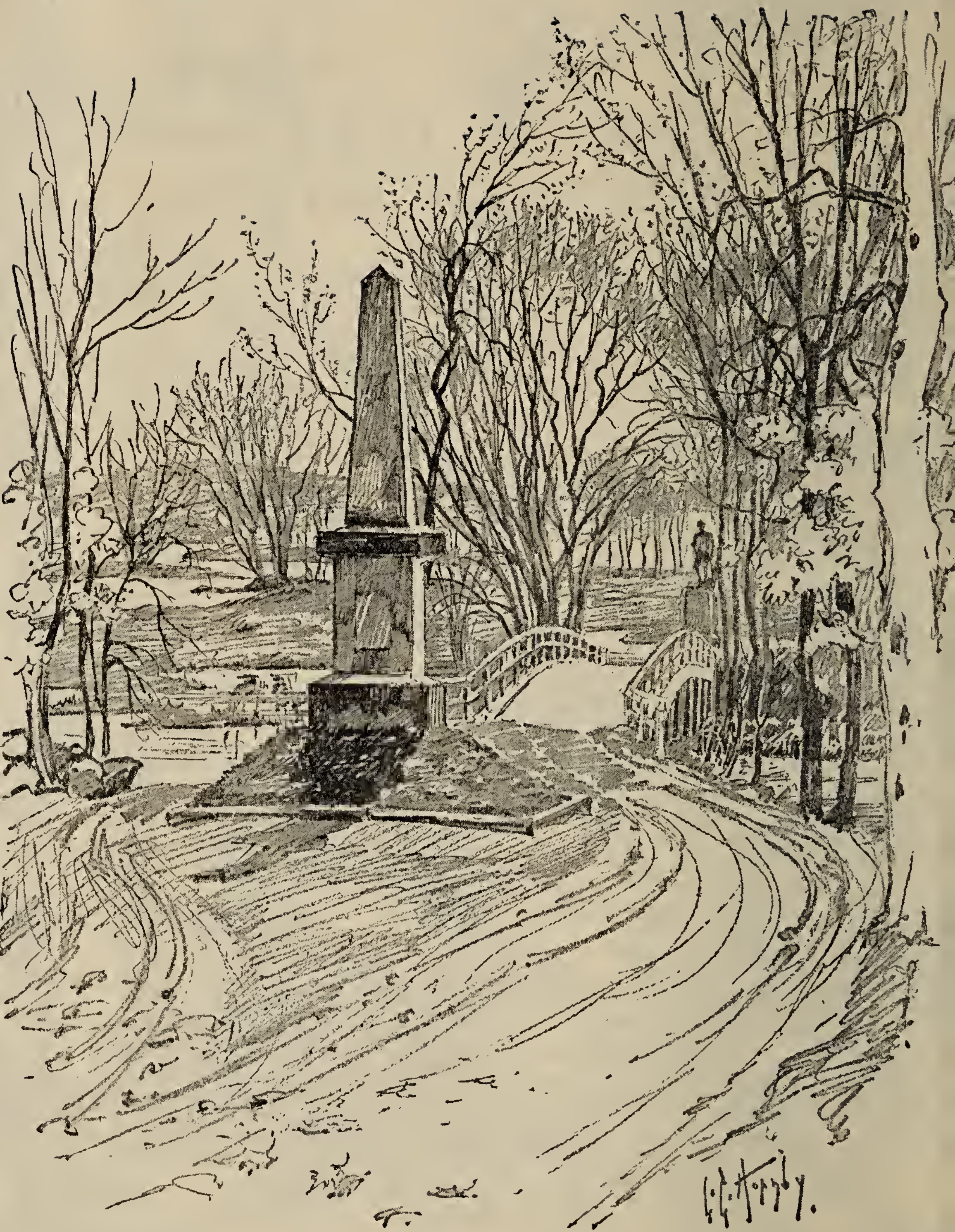
WITH THE STORY OF

The Lexington Fight

By ALLEN FRENCH

ROUTE 126
To CARLISLE AND LOWELL
N
S
E
W
STRAWBERRY HILL RD.
OLD BARRETT MILL
BARRETT HOUSE
To WEST CONCORD
SPENCER BROOK
BARRETTS MILL ROAD
HILDRETH HOUSE
HILDRETH'S CORNER
LOWELL ROAD
BARNES HILL ROAD
ASSABET RIVER
ASSABET RIVER
HOSMER HOUSE
"THE HEMLOCKS"
EGG ROCK
MUSTER FIELD ROAD
NASHAWTUC ROAD
HIGH PRESSURE RESERVOIR
SIMON WILLARD MEMORIAL
NASHAWTUC ROAD
ROUTE 2A
To FORT DEVENS FITCHBURG AND THE BERKSHIRES
ATTAWAN RD.
SIMON WILLARD ROAD
ELM STREET
CRESCENT RD.
MUSKETAQUID ROAD
NASHAWTUC ROAD
SUDBURY RIVER
GARLAND RD.
NASHOBA ROAD
WOOD ST.
"STONE BRIDGE"
SANBORN HOUSE
ELM STREET
RIVER ST.
MAIN STREET
CHENEY ELMS
CONCORD ACADEMY
MAIN STREET
MAIN ST. BURYING GROUND
"SOUTH BRIDGE"
THOREAU COTTAGE
THOREAU ST.
ALCOTT HOUSE
BELKNAP ST.
MIDDLE ST.
ACADEMY LANE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
BOSTON AND MAINE R.R.
HOSMER HOUSE
THE "DOVE COTE"
COOLIDGE
OAK RD.
R.R. STATION
SUDBURY ROAD
DEVENS ST.
HUBBARD
THOREAU "TEXAS" HOUSE
BELKNAP ST.
ELSINORE ST.
GRANT ST.
BROOKS ST.
SUDBURY ROAD
ROUTE 62
To MAYNARD AND HUDSON
MAIN ST.
SUDBURY RIVER
To OLD ROAD TO NINE ACRE CORNER
To EMERSON HOSPITAL AND COUNTRY CLUB
SUDBURY ROAD
FITCHBURG DIVISION
UNION ST.
WILLOW ST.
FIELDING ST.
THOREAU STREET
EMERSON PUBLIC PLAYGROU
To SUDBURY AND FRAMINGHAM.

A Map of Old Concord As It Is Today
1942
R. A. Morgan.
ROUTE 62 TO BEDFORD AND BEVERLY
MONUMENT ST. - TO CARLISLE
FENN SCHOOL
CONCORD RIVER
BUTTRICK HOUSE
LIBERTY ST.
BUTTRICK MEMORIAL
MINUTE MAN
OLD NORTH BRIDGE
PUBLIC PARKING SPACE
GREAT MEADOWS RD.
BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD - SOUTHERN DIVISION
THE OLD MANSE
JONES HOUSE BULLET HOLE IN ELL
RIPLEY HILL RD
MILL BROOK
OLD BEDFORD ROAD
BEDFORD ST.
LANG ST.
BOW ST.
COLONIAL INN
MONUMENT ST.
GRAVES OF THE AUTHORS
MELVIN MEMORIAL
SLEEPY HOLLOW
COURT LANE
TOWN HOUSE
MONUMENT SQUARE
PUBLIC PARK'G SPACE
BEDFORD ST.
DAVIS CT.
BEDFORD CT.
GRAVE OF JOHN JACK
OLD HILL BURYING GROUND
MILL DAM
WRIGHT TAVERN
D.A.R. CHAPTER HOUSE
CONCORD ART CENTER
BOOK STORE
FIRST PARISH MEETING HOUSE
REUBEN BROWN HOUSE
HEYWOOD HOUSE
WALDEN ST.
CHESTNUT ST.
RIDGE RD
ALCOTT ROAD
INDEPENDENCE ROAD
VIRGINIA ROAD TO THOREAU'S BIRTHPLACE
OLD MERIAM HOUSE
"GRAPEVINE" OR BULL COTTAGE
WAYSIDE
ALCOTT HOUSE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY
MERIAM'S CORNER
LEXINGTON ROAD
CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
ROUTE 2A TO LEXINGTON AND BOSTON
MILL BROOK
EMERSON HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE TURNPIKE
HAWTHORNE LANE
BROOK
TO ROUTE 2 FOR CAMBRIDGE AND BOSTON
STREET
LAUREL STREET
WALDEN ST.
SANDY POND RD
SCALE
ONE HALF MILE
STATE ARMORY
ROUTE 126 TO LAKE WALDEN FRAMINGHAM AND MILFORD
TO LINCOLN



The Monument of 1836, and across the Bridge the 'Minute Man'

HISTORIC CONCORD

A HANDBOOK OF

Its Story and Its Memorials

WITH THE STORY OF

The Lexington Fight

By ALLEN FRENCH

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

1942

COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY ALLEN FRENCH

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING THE RIGHT TO REPRODUCE
THIS BOOK OR PARTS THEREOF IN ANY FORM

Designed by JOHN WOODLOCK
The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS · PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Foreword

1717867

Modern wars have turned the thoughts of Americans to the history of their country, rousing the desire to see not merely its famous places, but particularly those where our national spirit has been most prominently revealed. After the First World War this was proved in Historic Concord by the stream of visitors who came to see the North Bridge, where Americans first marched against the British who till that moment had been their fellow citizens. These pilgrim tourists found another interest in Concord, because of the famous authors who lived there, who were among the first to give permanent expression to American literary ability. In their period equally famous American writers lived elsewhere; but as a literary group Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and the Alcotts are unsurpassed in our history. The Second World War is turning the minds of our countrymen still more seriously to Concord's evidences of our national achievements. There is every reason to believe that, once the limitations to travel are lifted, in future the visitors to Concord will be more numerous than ever.

For the convenience of such visitors this handbook has been written in two sections, a Guide and a History. As most tourists arrive in the town with little knowledge of how to see it, or with limited time at their disposal, the Guide section has been put first. The History could not be combined with it; but it should be read beforehand by those who have the leisure, and may be reviewed on reaching home. As a handbook the slight occasional repetitions are necessary, and the cross-references should be helpful.

Contents

GUIDE: Routes for the tourist to follow in seeing principal sights in Concord

Guide to Concord, General 1

The Square 3

Colonial Inn 4

Wright Tavern 6

Hill Burying Ground 6

Monument Street 9

House with the Bullet Hole 10

Old Manse 10

Battleground 13

Liberty Street (Buttrick relief; the Muster Field) 18

Lowell Road (Barrett's Mill and Farm) 19

Bedford Street (Sleepy Hollow Cemetery) 20

Main Street (The Milldam) 24

Public Library 25

Academy and Cheney Elms 25

Thoreau-Alcott House 25

Elm Street (F. B. Sanborn House) 26

South Bridge and Hosmer Cottage 26

Thoreau Texas House 27

Walden Street and Walden Pond 27

Lexington Road 29

First Parish Church, Art Center, Reuben Brown House 29

Emerson House 31

Antiquarian House 32
Alcott House (Orchard House) 34
School of Philosophy 35
Hawthorne's 'Wayside' 35
Grapevine Cottage 37
Meriam's Corner 39
Thoreau Birthplace 40

HISTORY: A brief study of the first two hundred and fifty years

THE COLONIAL PERIOD 41
Topography 41
The Founding 42
King Philip's War 45
Governor Andros 46

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD 47
Preparations 47
Lexington 50
Guide to Lexington 56
Concord 59
Job Shattuck 71

CONCORD IN LITERATURE 73
Emerson 73
Bronson Alcott 81
Louisa Alcott 84
Thoreau 86
Hawthorne 91
Later Writers 95

READING LIST 97

INDEX 101

Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby

GUIDE : Routes for the tourist to follow in seeing principal sights in Concord

GUIDE TO CONCORD, GENERAL

By the ordinary tourist Concord can be seen (sketchily, that is) in a visit of a few hours. Coming from Boston he can see Lexington and Concord, and return in the same day. A longer visit is desirable, however.

Concord, less than twenty miles from Boston, can be reached by train, bus, or automobile. Frequent trains come from the North Station in Boston, or stop when coming from the west via Troy and Fitchburg. Street cars from the Boston Subway connect at Arlington Heights with busses for Lexington and Concord. Other busses start from Park Square, Boston, and come through Lexington to Concord. Motorists can easily connect with Route 2, running northwesterly from Boston; or with Route 126, running north and south; or with Route 62, running northeasterly and southwesterly.

Lexington can be reached by turning off from Route 2 or 2A onto the combined Routes 4 and 25. Busses as above. There are a few trains from the North Station. The guide to Lexington in this book follows the account of Lexington Fight in the Historical Section [page 56].

As all the important streets in Concord come together at Monument Square, this book uses it as a center from which to visit the sights of the town, and

the tourist should make his way there. The busses all stop there, and Routes 62 and 126 pass through it. Route 2, however, by-passes the town, and motorists approaching from east or west should watch for signs directing to the center.

From the railroad the visitor may take a taxi or walk — about half a mile. Leaving the train and going to the other side of the station, he will see almost directly before him, at right angles to the tracks, a short street, Middle Street. Walking to its end, he turns left on Academy Lane. As he reaches Main Street, Concord Academy is opposite. Turning right on Main Street, he passes some of Concord's handsomer houses, and (on the right) the Public Library [page 25]. A little farther on, he passes through Concord's short business center, the Milldam (the last block of Main Street), and reaches the Square.

Students of Thoreau who wish to see as many spots associated with him as possible, may vary this walk as follows: Walking left from the station on Thoreau Street, they will first come to Belknap Street. Turning left on this and crossing the tracks, in about a hundred yards they will find the Thoreau Texas house [page 27]. Returning to Thoreau Street and proceeding as at first, the next street is Main Street, on which they should turn right without crossing. The third house is the Thoreau-Alcott house [page 25]. Main Street then leads to Academy Lane, on the nearer corner of which stands a house once occupied by the Thoreaus. Just beyond Academy Lane, across Main Street, stands a square house also once occupied by the family. The Public Library, too, partly covers the site of a third house where the Thoreaus lived. Following along Main Street, the visitor then comes to the Square.

If the visitor will place himself, or imagine himself, at the northerly end of the Square, farthest from the

flagpole, he can orient himself. This end of the Square is occupied by the triple building of the Colonial Inn. As he stands with his back to the Inn, at his right Lowell Road leaves the Square, and at his left, Monument Street. In front is the Square proper, which is not square at all, but a grassy oblong. At the end of this a street cuts across the Square: to the right it becomes the Milldam, the beginning of Main Street. To the left it is Bedford Street. Beyond the oblong and the street is the triangle (with the flagpole) always considered a part of the Square. (Two little traffic triangles stand near by.) Beyond, Lexington Road runs directly away.

The five streets here named will, in this book, be considered one by one. The visitor naturally begins, however, with the Square itself.

THE SQUARE

Here the founders of Concord made their treaty with the Indians, under the great tree whose supposed location is marked, at the entrance to Main Street, by a tablet to 'Jethro's Tree' [page 43]. From the Square the Concord Company marched in 1689 to Boston to depose Governor Andros [page 46]. Here, many years later, came Paul Revere with messages to the patriot leaders — but not on the historic Nineteenth of April, 1775, for he had been captured by a British patrol in Lincoln. Here in the Square the British, on that day, halted their men, the leaders occupying the Wright Tavern [see pages 60 ff.] and doubtless hearing from there the volleys of the Fight. In 1786 Job Shattuck and his rioters held the Square for a few hours, in Daniel Shays' unsuccessful 'rebellion' [pages 71–72]. And, later, here came and went through many years

the persons famous in Concord's literary history — Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Bronson Alcott with his daughters.

The Square, then, is a good example of the heart of a New England town, where for more than three hundred years its activities have focused. Here in town meeting were debated and settled the questions vital to the town, with selectman, lawyer, farmer, businessman, and even the humblest inhabitant having his say and his vote. Here, before Concord ceased to be the shire town, were held the county courts on successive days when Concord virtually held a market and a fair until the courts adjourned. Here have been held many of the town's celebrations. And here today Concord gathers for the exercises on Memorial Day, or to sing carols on Christmas Eve.

The Colonial Inn. The Inn, already noted, is made up of three buildings, all of old date. As the visitor faces them, the one to the left once held the store and dwelling of Deacon White, beloved of children for his gifts of sweets, but dreaded by Sunday travelers whom he stopped until the Sabbath was over. The building on the right was once occupied by the Thoreaus while Henry was in college, and here later dwelt his aunts, one of whom, it is said, slipped out at night to pay the tax for which he was arrested [page 90]. The old buildings are now combined into a modern hotel. In the building next to them on Monument Street John Thoreau, the father, kept store in the eighteen-twenties.

On the grass-plot in the Square are three war-monuments. The nearest was erected to Concord's men dead in the Spanish War, the second (the obelisk) to the men of the Civil War, the third to those of the

The Old Colonial Inn—Deacon White's Corner

first World War.[1] The buildings around the Square are of no historic note,[2] except for the Wright Tavern at the farther end. This was built in 1747, and was for many years used as an inn until, in the early nineteenth century, it was long turned to private purposes, some of the time as a bakery. It is now once more an inn and a restaurant. The main part of the building is original.

The Wright Tavern. This is noted for having been the headquarters of the British on the Nineteenth of April, 1775, during their brief possession of the town. The officers who occupied the tavern were waited on by the proprietor, Amos Wright. Though he maintained the house for but a single year, his name has clung to it. On the retreat of the companies from the Fight at the North Bridge, there was much confusion in the Square and at the tavern, until after a delay of two hours the troops were at last put in column and started for Boston, only to be attacked at Meriam's Corner and driven under fire from the town. [For more of these events see pages 60–63; 68–69.]

The Hill Burying Ground. Beside the Roman Catholic Church on the corner of Bedford Street is

[1] The boulder to the World War dead came from the Nelson Farm in Lincoln, and stood in such a position that it may have been used as a cover for Americans firing at the retreating British. But there is no foundation for any story connecting it with a definite person.

[2] The buildings on the Square are, on the left (looking away from the Colonial Inn) an insurance building, once the courthouse; the Townhouse, with the present courtroom, town offices, and police station; and (across Bedford Street) the Roman Catholic Church. On the right are the brick Masonic Lodge, once a schoolhouse; Monument Hall; and the residence of the Catholic priest, next to which is the great board (the 'glory board') with the names of men enrolled for the First World War. Here stood the Middlesex Hotel of Emerson's day; and this was most probably the much-disputed site of the house of Peter Bulkeley [page 19].

the Hill Burying Ground, climbing the ridge. [For the ridge see pages 39, 41, 94.] It is on this slope that Pitcairn and Smith are represented in Doolittle's famous engraving of 1775 as looking over the country while the British regulars parade in the Square below. On top of the ridge, within the cemetery, once stood Concord's first meetinghouse, around which were the earliest gravestones, now weathered away. No stone of any of the town's founders remains. As one climbs the path one passes the altar-shaped monument to William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. [See pages 10, 29 ff., 60, 66.] Farther up, on the right, are rows of interesting tablets, mostly in the wonderful English slate from which a century and more of New England weather has not effaced the slightest scratch of the stonecutter's tool. Their simple and often quaint designs, and the graceful lines of willow branch or other decoration, relieve the gloom of skull and hourglass, while the epitaphs record the strict virtues and homely achievements of Concord worthies. Here are the graves of Colonel Barrett and Major Buttrick, who commanded at the Fight. [See pages 18, 20–21, 48, 64–66.]

Yet, however notable were the excellencies and the social positions of these pillars of the town, their memorials are less celebrated than one erected to a man who was perhaps the least important of the people of Concord in a day when slavery was still legal in Massachusetts. If the visitor turns left, away from the handsome stones, and crosses a low shoulder of the ridge toward the rear of the near-by church, he will come upon a stone standing by itself, among lilies planted in antislavery days, the stone to John Jack, a slave before the Revolution. In a time when literary feats were more acclaimed than now, this epitaph,

In the Hill Burying Ground

written by the Tory Daniel Bliss, was admired as an example of antithesis; it was copied and sometimes translated. Today it can be no less admired, but rather as a summary of an humble life thus skillfully, and even touchingly, rescued from oblivion.[1]

MONUMENT STREET

Leaving the Hill Burying Ground, walking to the farther end of the Square, and turning to the right, the visitor is on Monument Street. This is the road taken by the British light infantry who on the morning of the Nineteenth of April, 1775, marched to occupy the North Bridge and search the Barrett house [page 63]. The American militia had already passed that way, retreating before the greater numbers of the

[1] The stone, an old reproduction, has been recently recut. The inscription reads:

'God wills us free, man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills, God's will be done.
Here Lies the body of
John Jack
A native of Africa who died
March 1773, aged about sixty years.
Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty
He lived a slave,
Till by his honest, tho' stolen labors,
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom,
Tho' not long before
Death the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves.'

British. The street, even today, has still a semi-rural aspect. The two houses upon it which are of particular interest are a half mile from the town, well beyond the little-used railway that crosses the road a third of a mile from the Square.

The House with the Bullet Hole. First of these houses is, on the right and upon a little knoll, the House with the Bullet Hole, the Elisha Jones house, easily identified by its yellow color, its unshingled front, and the old sycamore before it. (The house is not open to the public.) Jones [see pages 60, 68] had quitted the militia to stay with his family. Before the Fight, when regulars came to his well for water, he wisely kept himself out of sight. But as the fleeing redcoats passed the house on their return, he recklessly showed himself in the doorway of the ell. One of the soldiers shot at him: the mark still shows some three feet to the left of the door, under a diamond-shaped pane of glass. Jones's little daughter, from a cellar window, watched the regulars hurry by, some of them limping and bleeding. A portrait of her in old age is at the Antiquarian House.

The 'Old Manse.' A few rods beyond the Jones house, on the left, is the gateway to the Old Manse, which stands at the end of an avenue of trees.[1] The house was so named by Hawthorne because until his coming in 1842 it had been occupied by none but ministers, and *manse* is, in Scotland, the name for a minister's house. It was built in 1769 by William Emerson, the patriotic minister. [See pages 7, etc.] On the morning of April 19, 1775, Emerson retreated from the town with the militia, but, like Jones, went

[1] The Manse is usually open to visitors from the 19th of April to November 11th. Admission twenty-five cents, but fifteen cents to children or people in groups of twenty or more.

to his own house to stay with his family. He comforted the people of his parish who had taken refuge there, watched the Fight from the height of his own land, and wrote of the American dead, 'I saw them fall.' At the Manse on that day we must think of the reproachful wife at her window, the frightened women and children outside, and the militant minister eagerly watching the march of the Americans, to make sure that they returned the British fire.

After William Emerson's death while chaplain in the army, his successor, who married the widow and bought the Manse, was Ezra Ripley, for many years minister in Concord when church and town were one. When the people objected to his marrying a woman much older than himself, he declared he would perform no marriages unless his were allowed. They capitulated. In those days every minister was farmer too, and Ralph Waldo Emerson (Ripley's step-grandson) describes him getting in his hay when a thunderstorm was coming up. Emerson and the hired man were with him. 'He raked very fast, then looked at the cloud, and said, "We are in the Lord's hand; mind your rake, George! We are in the Lord's hand;" and seemed to say, "You know me; this field is mine, — Dr. Ripley's, — thine own servant!"'

He was a strong Sabbatarian. One Sunday morning, after a heavy fall of snow, his neighbor Buttrick from up the road came with his yoke of oxen breaking out the way to town. To help the minister get to church he turned in at the Manse gate; but Dr. Ripley, from his door, shouted a rebuke for laboring on the Sabbath. Buttrick turned back and went on to town, leaving the pastor to get out of his long driveway as best he might.

Dr. Ripley was a historian of the Fight. When

in 1794 the road to the Bridge was abandoned, he came into possession of it, and loved to tell the story of that famous happening on his own ground. Then, when in 1836 the monument was erected on the nearer side of the river, he gave the land back to the town.

Ralph Waldo Emerson [see pages 20, 31, 73] was often at the Manse, where he wrote his first book, 'Nature,' sitting in the parson's clumsy writing chair, now at the Antiquarian Society. When Ripley died, Hawthorne next occupied the Manse [page 91], and after him Ripley's son Samuel, whose wife Sarah was one of the remarkable women of her day, famous for her scholarship when few women studied the classics. A helpmeet to her husband in both home and school, she is said to have tutored a student in Greek while rocking the cradle and shelling peas. A portrait of her is in the Public Library.

For another ninety years the Manse came down in the Ripley family, until in 1939 it became the property of the Trustees of Public Reservations. This long descent in the same family accounts for the unusual preservation of the Manse in all but its original condition, for only when Samuel Ripley came was any of the older furniture auctioned off, to make room for some of his own. The Manse presents, then, the home through generations of a family of moderate means but high intellect, and hands down to us untouched the picture of earlier times. It speaks in every room and corner of its former occupants and their way of life, displaying in limited space their furniture, their books, their pictures, their simple and even severe daily routine, their active and lofty thought. No one can leave the Manse without a clear and sympathetic understanding of both the men of the Revolution and

the generation that produced what Van Wyck Brooks has called the 'Flowering of New England.'

There is not much elbowroom in the Manse. The rooms are small, the stair and hallways narrow. But the furniture is all of that excellent quality which was produced in a small town where the elegancies of the Georgian period were reduced to their structural best. The Saints' Chamber for visiting ministers is Spartan, and the lack of conveniences makes the modern man realize the difference between the present and the past, when the well was the source of water, fireplaces gave the only heat, and when in winter steam from the washtubs condensed to frost on the servant's hair.

Mrs. Hawthorne's writings, made with her diamond on the windowpanes, casual records, are charming reminders of her life in the Manse. One such inscription is in the room which both Hawthorne and Emerson used as their study.

The Battleground. The motorist, after leaving the avenue of the Manse, must turn left and enter the town parking space, almost in front, for cars are not allowed in the Battleground. Parking is free. Crossing Monument Street on foot and entering the second avenue, the visitor is on the road of 1775, which here turned a sharp corner and made directly for the river, where the North Bridge gave the only access to the northern part of the town. [See frontispiece.]

The visitor first meets, at the bottom of the slope, a granite obelisk dated 1836. Its old-fashioned inscription, stating that here was the 'first forcible resistance to British aggression,' is an echo of the controversy of 1825 between Concord and Lexington, each striving for the greater glory. Common sense has long agreed that there is honor enough for both.

To the left of the monument, by the wall, is a little

space enclosed by posts and chains, with two rough stones and a tablet to the two British soldiers who were buried here after the Fight. The verses on the tablet are by James Russell Lowell. The British Captain Parsons, returning with his regulars from searching the Barrett farm [see pages 19, 63, 68–70], found the place empty of all but these two, one of whom, in addition to a bullet wound, had received cuts about the head. Rejoining their comrades in the Square, Parsons' men reported what they had seen. The rumor spread that the man had been scalped, and the belief made the regulars more savage on the retreat. The man had not been scalped, however. He had been cut on the head by a youth who, coming with a hatchet in his hand from the Manse where he had been chopping wood, found the wounded soldier trying to rise, and in fear or mistaken patriotism had inflicted further wounds.

For a number of years past, the graves of these soldiers have been decorated each May by British veterans from Boston, escorted by Americans. The exercises, and the carrying of the two flags side by side across the bridge to decorate the Minute-Man statue, are very significant of the new ties between the two nations.

One sometimes meets the statement that the little space that holds these graves belongs to the British Government. This is true only symbolically, in the sense in which Rupert Brooke, English soldier in France in 1914, wrote prophetically of his death the following year:

> 'If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England.'

The land belongs to the town of Concord.

Graves of British Soldiers

One is now at the Concord River, the current of which is always sluggish. Hawthorne claimed that he lived beside it for weeks before he learned which way it flowed. (The foundation of his boathouse is to be seen upstream from the bridge.) For many years there was no bridge here, as Emerson wrote in 1836:

> 'Time the ruined bridge hath swept
> Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.'

The present bridge (a cement structure imitating the wooden one) now crosses the river for the sole purpose of viewing the Minute-Man statue; but the original road ran farther, parallel to the river on land so low that it was often flooded. That was the road which Captain Parsons and his redcoats followed. A number of rods beyond the bridge another road (now also gone) ran up the hill. By that road the Americans marched down to the Fight.

For the story of the Fight, see pages 65 ff. To understand it here on the ground one needs to remember that after the retreating Americans had crossed the bridge and passed out of sight, to wait reinforcements, the British occupied the ground. Captain Parsons, with his men, marched to the Barrett farm. Captain Laurie, now in command, posted his companies, one at the farther end of the bridge, and two on the hillsides beyond, to protect Parsons' retreat. At the return of the Americans, these companies drew together, crossed the bridge again, and were drawn up in column by Captain Laurie, with the intention of maintaining a continuous fire by a method called 'Street Firing,' usual in the days of single-fire muzzle-loading guns. Lieutenant Sutherland and two men crossed the wall into the Manse field, to shoot at the provincials. (This is clearly shown in the model of

the Fight, at the Antiquarian House.) The British volley was probably fired from the very entrance of the bridge when the Americans were about sixty yards away, the effective range of the flintlock smoothbore of those days. Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, Acton captain and private, were killed. On the spot where Davis fell there long grew a bush. ''Tis the burning bush,' wrote Emerson, 'where God spake for his people.'[1]

On that spot now stands Daniel Chester French's Minute-Man statue, typifying the men who took their guns with them to church and field. So this alert figure, leaving his plow, prepares to fight. If this was not already the best-known statue in America, the use of it by the Government as a symbol in the Second World War has made it so. On the base is the opening stanza of Emerson's 'Concord Hymn,' written in 1836 for the dedication of the monument across the bridge.

> 'By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world.'

The lines about the fallen bridge, previously quoted, are from the second stanza of the same hymn.

The statue was made when French was a resident of Concord: he was then but twenty-five years old, and this was his first important work. Referring to his residence and to Emerson's verses, it was said at the time of the dedication that few towns could furnish

[1] One sometimes meets the statement that the British fired from the hip. That is easily disproved by any book of tactics of the period. The diorama at the Antiquarian House shows the exact disposition — the front rank kneeling, the middle rank stooping, the rear rank upright, and all firing from the shoulder. The model is carefully worked out in every detail.

a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion. At that celebration in 1875, while George William Curtis was the orator of the day, Emerson made a brief address, in the course of which he said, 'The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon.'

Buttrick House and Monument. Returning from the Battleground to Monument Street, and turning away from the village, the visitor crosses the river by the later bridge and, a furlong beyond, turns to the left onto Liberty Street.[1] On the right he first passes the old Buttrick house, still in possession of the family, which has held much of the land hereabouts since William Buttrick settled on it in 1635. (The house is not open to the public.) Taking the left road at the fork the visitor will see, in the wall on the left, the sculptured relief to Major John Buttrick, who from his own farm led the march to the bridge. Following Liberty Street the visitor next sees, on the right, the tablet in the wall marking the field in which the provincials gathered for the attack. In those days the view was not obstructed by trees, and the men could see the smoke rising from the town, prompting Joseph Hosmer to ask the famous question, 'Will you let them burn the town down?' [See pages 60, 65.] It was in this field that the discarded gunflints were found

[1] Instead of turning onto Liberty Street, the visitor may first follow Monument Street farther, past the Fenn School for younger boys (right), and then over the shoulder of Punkatasset Hill. Almost at the crest of the road, on the left, is the Hunt Farm, where the militia waited for reinforcements before the Fight. A mile or so farther on, on the right, is the farm where William Brewster, naturalist, wrote his journals. He was a different observer from Thoreau, more scientific and less imaginative. The two books published from his journals after his death, 'October Farm' and 'Concord River,' are of much interest.

[page 64]. A number of these are to be seen at the Antiquarian House.

Proceeding along Liberty Street, one comes to Lowell Road, and can return by it to the town (turning left) or go straight on to the Barrett farm. (For Lowell Road, see the next section.)

LOWELL ROAD AND BARRETT'S MILL ROAD

Lowell Road leaves the Square by Deacon White's corner of the Colonial Inn. Immediately on the left is the Christian Science Church, enlarged from the old dwelling of Deacon Nehemiah Ball, whose disapproval of Thoreau's gentle methods as a teacher caused the latter to whip a few pupils and then resign. A few rods farther on, on the right, is the tablet to commemorate the supposed site of the house of Peter Bulkeley, one of the founders of the town. The road presently traverses a long causeway and crosses Red Bridge, still so called because it once was wooden, and painted red. From the bridge one can see, to the left, Egg Rock, where the Sudbury and Assabet join to form the Concord River. The road swings left just as it is joined by Liberty Street at the spot where Captain Parsons reached it [pages 14, 63, 68]. He came, however, by a road, now gone, that skirted the river.

As the visitor follows the curve of Lowell Road to the right, he sees above him, on the right, the picturesque old house (its two parts at an angle) of Edmund Hosmer, friend of Emerson. Proceeding, in half a mile he comes to Hildreth's Corner, where he should note the handsome Hildreth house behind its fence. At this point he takes Barrett's Mill Road, to the left.

In half a mile he comes, on the right, to Barrett's Mill, once owned by Deacon Thomas Barrett [page 62], whose son set up there during the Revolution a factory for muskets. Going on he passes Strawberry Hill Road as it turns off to the right. The next house on the right is the old Revolutionary farmhouse of Colonel James Barrett.

On the day of the Fight, Colonel Barrett was very busy on horseback in various parts of the town, until on the hill above the bridge he gave the order to the American troops to march, the order which brought about the Fight. [For him and the happenings at the house, see pages 48, 63–65.]

Returning to Lowell Road, the visitor may follow it to the left for a mile and a half, when he will see, on the right, the entrance to Middlesex School, a modern preparatory school for boys, of which the handsome buildings and grounds are worth an inspection. He will then return to the Square by the way he came.

BEDFORD STREET

Bedford Street, which leaves the Square between the Townhouse and the Catholic Church, leads (like Lowell Road, Sudbury Road, Lexington Road, and Cambridge Turnpike) to the town for which it is named.

The Alcotts once lived in the house behind the Townhouse, and there died the third daughter, Elizabeth, whose character is so sweetly, and truly, depicted as 'Beth' in 'Little Women.' At the moment of her death her mother and her sister Louisa, sitting by her side, both believed that they saw a 'light mist' ascend from her body, and vanish.

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. At the turn of the street begins a cemetery whose farther section is known as 'Sleepy Hollow,' a name which was given to it before it was taken into the burying ground. Its peculiar conformation, the flat amphitheater surrounded by steep glacial ridges, had long suggested the feeling of romantic seclusion which gave it the name, possibly taken from Washington Irving's 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' Hawthorne and his wife liked to linger here. An old road led to the spot on which they planned to build a 'castle,' where now is his grave. Emerson describes sitting in Sleepy Hollow in October, 1837, 'to hear the harmless roarings of the sunny South wind.' And Hawthorne, in August, 1842, found Margaret Fuller there, 'meditating or reading.' The Hollow was taken into the older cemetery in 1855, Emerson delivering the address, the younger Ellery Channing the poem, and Frank B. Sanborn writing the hymn.

The Hollow is best entered between the brick pillars holding iron gates bearing the name. One comes almost immediately to a fork in the road; the left-hand road leads, again almost at once (on the right), to the Melvin Memorial by Daniel Chester French, erected to three brothers, dead in the Civil War, by a fourth, who survived it. The evergreen setting enhances the purity of the marble and the lofty expression of patriotism in the central panel — an emblematic figure which seems to emerge from the stone between the folds of the American flag.[1]

Returning to the fork in the road, one passes between steep banks into the Hollow itself. The level bottom, now covered with graves, was once a cornfield. On the farther side is the famous ridge where

[1] There is a replica of this central panel in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

lie buried Concord's literary galaxy. Following the road as it curves to the left, the visitor comes to the foot of the ridge, and climbing by a winding path, toward the right, comes at the top first upon the grave of Hawthorne, on the left. With no other inscription than just the name Hawthorne on a small low headstone, he lies near other members of his family. His wife, however, is buried in London where she died. [For Hawthorne, see pages 91 ff.]

Opposite the Hawthorne plot is the one for the Thoreau family, the children simply designated by small stones, John, Henry, Helen, Sophia. [See pages 86–91.]

Next is the Alcott plot, the children again designated by small stones. Louisa's grave, marked L. M. A. but also by her full name, is decorated each Memorial Day because she was a nurse in the Civil War. The father is A. B. A. (Amos Bronson); the mother A. M. A. (Abigail May); 'Amy' is A. M. N. (Abba May Nieriker, who actually was buried abroad); 'Beth' is E. S. A. (Elizabeth Sewall). 'Meg' (Anna Bronson Alcott, who married John Pratt) lies close at hand with her husband. [For the Alcotts, see pages 81–86.]

Farther along is the grave of 'Margaret Sidney,' Mrs. Daniel Lothrop (Harriet Mulford Stone) [pages 37, 95]. Her 'Five Little Peppers' books have been widely popular.

Emerson's grave is reached by following the ridge path still farther, until one reaches the enclosure (within chains and granite posts) containing the irregular, pointed mass of rose-quartz, in the face of which is set a small tablet, difficult to read, with his lines expressing so perfectly his feeling about himself:

> 'The passive master lent his hand
> To the vast soul which o'er him planned.'

[For Emerson see pages 73–81.] He lies here surrounded by those who meant so much to him in life: his mother; his two wives; his beloved little Waldo,

> 'The hyacinthine boy for whom
> Morn well might break and April bloom.'

Here also lies Emerson's aunt, Mary Moody Emerson [page 74], whose stone bears his characterization of her:

> 'She gave wise counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood, a blessing which nothing else in education could supply.'

Below and to the left of the foot of the path which here leads downward, is found the boulder with the tablet to Ephraim Wales Bull, the breeder of the Concord Grape. The inscription, 'He sowed, others reaped,' too well indicates the fate of the man who benefited millions, yet who died in poverty [page 38].

Turning back from this point, and following to the right the driveway that leads downward, one comes to the lot of the Hoar family, some of them nationally known. The founder, John [page 45], is not buried here; the plot holds a later Samuel, 'Squire Hoar,' and his children. Samuel was a noted and upright lawyer, who defended the cause of the slave in South Carolina. Like Deacon White [page 4], in his day he prevented Sunday travel past his Main Street home. (A Concord farmer, ruefully surveying his grain laid flat by a thunderstorm, was heard to wonder whether, if the storm had come on Sunday, Squire Hoar would have tried to stop it.) His children attained to considerable note. Elizabeth was engaged to Charles Emerson, who died before their marriage; Emerson always regarded her as a sister. Her epitaph

is well worth reading. Ebenezer Rockwood was attorney-general under President Grant. He had a keen and biting wit. George Frisbie was long United States senator from Massachusetts.

Many other stones in the cemetery are interesting, while as a whole Sleepy Hollow has a peaceful beauty appropriate to its name and purpose.

MAIN STREET

Opposite the beginning of Bedford Street, Main Street leaves the Square. Its first section, with stores on both sides, is called the Milldam. Here, where once probably stood the Indian fishweir ('the Weire at Concord over against the town'), the settlers built for their mill a dam which long held back the millpond with its slight head of water. Into the pond, in 1775, the British rolled the barrels of flour which were afterward salvaged [page 61]. Gradually pond and dam disappeared, though the latest mill still stands. Where Walden Street leaves Main Street to the left, the stores run with it a little way; they also proceed along Main Street for a short distance, opposite the banks. The first of these, opposite Walden Street, a plain and simple building with columns, was the scene of Concord's one and only bank robbery, in 1865. It is now used for business purposes.

(It is worth remarking that the modern savings-bank building, the Trinitarian Church, the Public Library, and the Antiquarian Society's building are all the work of Harry B. Little, architect, a citizen of the town.)

Beyond the savings bank is the Main Street Burying Ground, with many stones as quaint and interesting as those on the hill.

The Library. In the fork of the road (where Sudbury Road goes to the left) stands the Free Public Library, which contains some seventy thousand volumes in a handsome building, conveniently equipped. (A branch at West Concord has another ten thousand books.) The Concord Alcove holds only books written in Concord or by Concord people. In the Library are manuscripts by Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Mrs. Lothrop. There is displayed an excellent collection of local Indian relics. The rooms for the public are large and attractive. The central octagon room holds French's fine statue of Emerson; it shows him in the favorite dressing-gown in which he used to write. In addition there are busts of Thoreau (by Ricketson), Bronson and Louisa Alcott, Hawthorne, and local celebrities such as Samuel Hoar [page 23]. In the reference room is the table used in the White House by Presidents from Madison to Grant.

The Academy and the Cheney Elms. Leaving the Library and proceeding along Main Street one passes various former dwellings of the Thoreau family [page 2]. Opposite Academy Lane is the Concord Academy for girls, housed in old Concord residences. On the same side, across from the next street (Belknap Street), are the two 'Cheney elms' (one now but a stump), concerning which Daniel Webster, a friend of the Cheney family, is said to have perpetrated the following syllogism. 'These are the two finest trees in Concord — and Concord is the finest town in Massachusetts — and Massachusetts is the finest state in the Union — and the United States is the finest country in the world. Therefore these trees are the two finest in the world.'

Thoreau-Alcott House. On the other side of the

street, the third building from Belknap Street, is the Thoreau-Alcott house. (The house is not open to the public.) Here the Thoreau family lived for a number of years, and in the room to the right of the front door Thoreau died. To the left of the house, and stretching from the rear, once stood the family pencil factory. This is the latest of the Thoreau houses, several of which probably had a little factory close by.

When the Alcotts, on the wave of Louisa's prosperity, bought the house, Alcott added (on the right) the wing to hold his library, prominent in which were the many volumes of his journals. These are now in the Public Library, but still privately owned and controlled. An Alcott descendant occupies the house.

If the visitor follows Main Street still farther to the fork, and takes the right branch (Elm Street), he will see, just as he reaches the bridge, on the right, the brick-end house built by Frank B. Sanborn, friend of the famous writers. In this house he gave shelter to the poet Channing. Sanborn is best known in Concord for the incident in 1859, when he lived on Sudbury Road. United States marshals attempted to arrest him for his connection with John Brown; he resisted; the town turned out to help him; Judge Hoar hastily produced a writ of *habeas corpus*; and the marshals were forced to depart, to molest him no more.

From this point, taking River Street, opposite the Sanborn house, the visitor comes to Main Street again, and turning right, crosses the South Bridge, once occupied by the British [page 63]. Following Main Street as it swings left under the railroad bridge, he first finds on his right the home of Joseph Hosmer [pages 60, 65] and close beyond it the Hosmer 'Cottage' of the Alcotts, now somewhat changed. This house is said

to be described as the 'Dovecote' in which 'Meg' of 'Little Women' began her married life.

Returning and, after passing Elm Street again, turning to the right on the second street (Thoreau Street), the visitor is, from this point, on the most direct route to Walden Pond, for the street, running almost straight, joins Walden Street [below].

But if he turns from Thoreau Street at the first right hand, onto Belknap Street, and crosses the railroad, he will find, farther on the right (the first house placed well back), one remaining Thoreau house. H. S. Canby says that Thoreau designed it (let us rather say planned, for it is ugly enough), and dug and stoned the cellar. A pencil shed is still attached to it. But the house has suffered from fire, and is shabby and empty. As this section of Concord is called 'Texas' (for reasons difficult to reconcile), this is the Thoreau Texas house.

WALDEN STREET AND WALDEN POND

The visitor should return along Main Street to the Milldam, and on reaching Walden Street, already noted as on the right, he should turn into it. At the corner of the next street (Hubbard Street) is the modern Post Office, which houses a mural of the Fight, by Charles Kaeselau. Opposite is the attractive Concord Book Shop. Across Hubbard Street is the Trinitarian Church (Congregational) with its parsonage beyond.

Walden Street presently swings to the right through open country, is joined from the right by Thoreau Street and climbs Brister's Hill, named for the negro

Brister Freeman. In 'Walden' Thoreau mentions Brister, and his spring (now buried), and his wife. To the left, running up the hill, is the town forest, containing Fairyland Pond. At the top of the hill the visitor crosses the modern Route 2, and at the very corner, on the right, to find Thoreau's cairn he must leave the road and enter, on foot, Walden Pond State Reservation.

Thoreau's Cairn. Here are two woods roads, one on each side of the group of road signs. Entering by either and, when they meet and join, following them a hundred yards farther, keeping mostly on the same level, the visitor does not leave this road until at a slight clearing he takes another one which turns off diagonally to the left. (At this point there are now a few fallen logs.) This road, turning downhill, quickly becomes a steep gully-path, to the right of which one presently sees in the bushes four low stone posts which mark the site of Thoreau's hut [page 87]. Between them is a slight depression, his 'cellar.' A little farther downhill is the cairn of stones brought by the many visitors to the spot. A boulder at its foot has an inscription to Thoreau.

In the hut Thoreau spent more than two years. In 'Walden' he compresses the time into one year, telling of incidents and observations in a style vigorous and arresting, with touches of his social gospel and occasional flights of fancy during the rounds of the seasons. Though the bare story includes little more than his building, his cultivating beans (near the crossroads just passed by the visitor), his doings on the lake, and his remarks on the town and his woods neighbors, this book is today probably more interesting and more read than any single volume written in Concord except 'Little Women.' This spot by

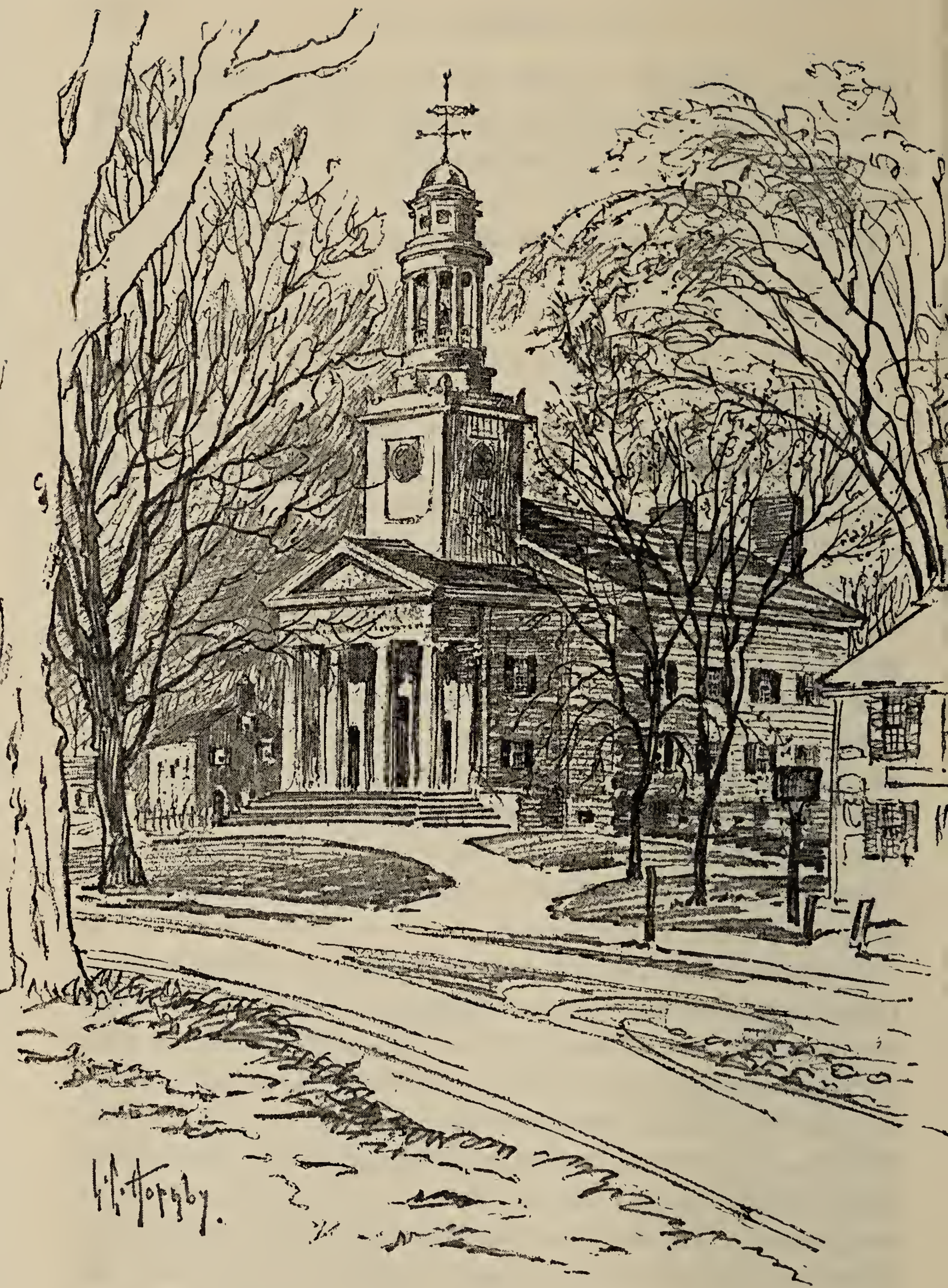
the cove, though mostly ignored by the pleasure seekers who in summer throng the broad beach across the pond, is the object of pilgrimage of many Thoreau-lovers.

Returning, the visitor comes to the Milldam and the Square.

LEXINGTON ROAD

Lexington Road leads out of the Square past the Wright Tavern [page 6], next to which stands the First Parish Meetinghouse (Unitarian). Although the tablet in front of this speaks of the First Provincial Congress as meeting here, it refers to the building burned in 1900. In that structure, which was standing in 1775, the Congress indeed met, with John Hancock and Samuel Adams as leaders, and with William Emerson [page 7] as chaplain. In the vestry Thoreau made his dramatic and stirring 'Plea for Captain John Brown,' which changed the hearts and opinions of many of his townsmen. The present structure was built in 1901, much like its predecessor, but of somewhat different proportions.

Opposite is a row of houses, some of which are interesting for their age and style, being pre-Revolutionary. In one is the Art Center, which holds a permanent collection, and in summer free exhibitions. In the brick-end house of later date lived Thomas Whitney Surette, a modern leader in music education. Still farther along, the red house next to the corner is the house of Reuben Brown, harness maker and Revolutionary patriot, whose brief entrance into and exit from history was on the day of the Fight [page 59]. The house was set on fire, but extinguished, on that day. The building, little changed from its original



The Unitarian Church

structure, is of the farmhouse type, built around a great central chimney, with a small entrance hall and a winding stair. It is now a tearoom and restaurant.

The house at the bend of the road, the Heywood house, is likewise Revolutionary. Its picket fence, now gone, went back to Emerson's day, and the late owner used to relate the following. Emerson's wife would not allow her husband to smoke either in the house or in the village. He used, therefore, to light his cigar at his door on going to the village, but would conceal it behind one of the pickets of this fence. Whenever he perceived this, young Heywood would slip up to the fence, and if the cigar were still alight, would enjoy a few puffs himself. More he did not risk, for Emerson, returning, would retrieve the cigar, light it, and finish it on the way home.

The Emerson House. Turning the corner toward the left, one sees ahead on the right (at the fork where the Cambridge Turnpike leaves Lexington Road) the square white Emerson house under its pines. Here from 1835 till his death in 1882 Emerson exemplified his 'plain living and high thinking' [pages 74, 78]. With a patient kindness which rose from his belief that he could learn something from anyone, he allowed many cranks and oddities to break in upon his time. But here also he received many famous people, including most of the literary celebrities of his day. Thoreau, handy man and close friend, lived here with the family at different periods. Emerson worked in the room to the right of the front door. Though the contents of this study, even to the shutters, have been taken to the Antiquarian House across the road, the room has been fitted again with his belongings; the parlor has been untouched. The lower floor of the

house is open to the public daily except Sundays from nine to eleven and one-thirty to three-thirty.

To the left of the house, beyond the orchard, once stood the arbor intended as a summer study for Emerson. Designed by Alcott in his favorite style, of crooked branches of trees, it was not finished without the aid of Thoreau. When it was completed, Mrs. Emerson dubbed it the 'Ruin,' which it was in but a few years. Nor was it ever put to its intended use, being too drafty and full of mosquitoes.

The Antiquarian House. Across the Turnpike from the Emerson house, in the fork of the two roads, stands the house of the Concord Antiquarian Society, on Emerson land given by the family. The house, its collection, and its arrangement, are noteworthy. The furniture was gathered some seventy years ago by a poor man, in a time when taste was Victorian and earlier pieces could be picked up for little or nothing. Taken over by the Society and housed for many years in the Reuben Brown house, in 1930 the collection was put in the present fireproof building, designed by Harry B. Little. Besides the furniture, surprisingly complete in wood, glass, china, and brass, and of all periods, there is good wainscot from old demolished houses. The whole is assembled with correctness and taste in a series of period rooms, from the provincial to the early Victorian. In them the visitor can follow the development of styles in chairs, beds, bureaus, and other furnishings; he can see similar advances in utensils and in the fireplaces; while the wainscot, from crudest to finest, also shows the improvement in household art to the McIntire period and the beginning of the decline about 1840.

Often called the best small collection of American antiques, the museum is rather a display of the de-

velopment of a New England town of but moderate wealth. The cabinetwork of the craftsmen who served Concord, simplified from the more elegant productions of the seaboard, shows a dignity and charm that is far from crudity. The lover of antiques in general will enjoy the collection as a whole, while the student of styles will find genuine examples on which to base his theories.

Apart from this purely cultural interest, the house holds reminders of Concord's history. The Society owns the one remaining of the two Paul Revere lanterns; various weapons used at the North Bridge; and some of the gunflints of the minute-men, discarded when they changed them in preparation for the Fight. It has also, in a diorama or model of the Fight, a dramatic representation of it. It has the clumsy old chair in which Emerson wrote 'Nature,' his first book [page 74]. There are also Emerson and Thoreau rooms. The former contains, in a room built to the exact dimensions, the furnishings of Emerson's study — the pictures, the rocker in which he used to write with his portfolio on his knee, and the calendar with the leaves torn off to the month of his death. The Thoreau room, intentionally small, bare, and simple, contains much of the furniture of his hut at Walden [pages 28–29, 87], portraits, and books. [For the diorama, see footnote to page 64.]

Thus the little museum sets forth, in very large part, the social, martial, and literary history of Concord. It is open to the public from April 19th to November 11th: admission twenty-five cents, children fifteen cents, with separate arrangements for large groups.

A special feature is the courtyard of the house, closed by the ancient exterior of the oldest wing, and

made picturesque by the lilac from the Thoreau farm on the Virginia Road. Here too is the most charming of herb gardens, quite in the old style, much studied and imitated by modern gardeners.

'*Orchard House.*' Leaving the Antiquarian grounds on the opposite side from the Emerson house, the visitor proceeds along Lexington Road until he finds on the left (about three hundred yards), slightly set back behind a widening of the road, and within its own fence, the large and comfortable 'Orchard House,' long the home of the Alcotts (1858–1877), and the one most closely associated with their fame [pages 81 ff.]. The land was once the site of the home of John Hoar and his workshop for Christian Indians in 1675; probably the old frame is a part of the present Alcott house [page 45]. In this a large part of 'Little Women' was written. The great elm in front, which long lent picturesqueness to the grounds, is now gone, with most of the old apple trees that stood on the left, in which the children played. But the house is very much as it used to be when Louisa humorously called it 'Apple Slump.'

It is more visited than any other house in Concord. Here the fictional characters of 'Little Women' come again to life, and by the aid of the furnishings of each room, and the costumes in the cases, seem to re-enact the scenes of the book. Yet here too is Alcott life as described in our later pages, with much self-denial and hardship, serenely borne by the philosopher, and more bravely, if sometimes grimly, by his wife and daughters. Art is present in the drawings by May Alcott ('Amy') on the walls, fortunately preserved down to the present. Here is a splendid record of family life maintained on a high plane, and handing down to later times the lesson of love and perseverance.

 1717867

The School of Philosophy. To the left of the house stands the bare building of the summer School of Philosophy, the darling of Alcott's later years (1879–1888), not without a little ridicule from his gifted daughter. It was much attended, during its brief life, by the lessening group of transcendentalists, whose earnest discussions failed to produce any notable results.

'*Wayside.*' The next house, while it was Alcott's 'Hillside' and afterward Hawthorne's 'Wayside,' has a still earlier interest as the home of Samuel Whitney, Revolutionary patriot, who here housed some of the military stores before the British came. The building has some structural reminders of that early period. Alcott, coming in 1845, found the house, according to Hawthorne, 'a mean-looking affair, with two peaked gables.... He added a porch in front and a central peak, and a piazza at each end.... Mr. Alcott expended a good deal of taste and some money (to no great purpose) in forming the hillside behind into terraces, and building arbors and summer-houses of rough stones and branches of trees, on a system of his own.' Alcott was a devotee of what he called the Sylvan style. Fortunately none of his creations survive [page 32], though his terraces remain. Up these the Alcott children used to plod in their childish play of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' dropping their burdens at the top, like Christian in the story. In the house Hawthorne himself made extensive changes, the most noticeable of which, built for his second period in the house, is the so-called 'tower.' This is a three-story addition, the top floor of which provided a study in which he could have the seclusion which was essential to him. It contains the standing desk at which he liked to write.

Hawthorne's 'Wayside'

Because of his many years abroad [pages 92–94] Hawthorne occupied the house only in 1852–1853 and 1860–1862. Yet as the only house he ever owned he took in it particular satisfaction, and when he began his life in it he wrote, 'I felt myself, for the first time in my life, at home.'

The house has been well preserved, largely through the care of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, 'Margaret Sidney' [pages 22, 95]. Her husband, a Boston publisher, bought it as a summer home for his family, and Mrs. Lothrop occupied it at intervals until her death in 1924. Here she wrote many of her books, the 'Five Little Peppers' and others. The 'Wayside' is now maintained by her daughter, who opens it to the public during the summer. (Season April 19th to October 31st. Admission twenty-five cents.)

The house and its furnishings present mementos of its literary inhabitants, of whom more have dwelt or made long visits here than in any other house in Concord. In his first period at the 'Wayside' Hawthorne wrote his 'Tanglewood Tales' and the biography of Franklin Pierce; but his second period was not successfully productive, in spite of all his efforts.

In the barn adjoining the house the Alcott children held some of their youthful plays. On the wooded ridge behind the buildings Hawthorne used to sit in meditation, or walk up and down. Here, in his 'Septimius Felton,' he laid the scene of his hero's duel with the British officer. And here he had his interview with the youthful William Dean Howells, after which he introduced him to Emerson with the statement that he found the young man 'worthy.' The spot was unfortunately sadly devastated by the hurricane of 1938.

Grapevine Cottage. The next house, on the same

side of the street, is the Grapevine Cottage, where in 1849 Ephraim Wales Bull produced the Concord Grape. A goldbeater with a taste for horticulture, he came to Concord in 1836, and devoted himself more to his hobby than to his trade. Discovering that the best grapes of his day often were spoiled by early frosts, he tried to breed an early and hardy variety. Beginning with a wild grape, he crossed it with others, until eventually, after years of experimentation, he found a seedling which satisfied him. This he named the Concord. Its commercial success was enormous, but others profited instead of Bull, which embittered him. At one time he was in the Legislature, which he served usefully in agricultural matters. At that time he dressed elegantly, so much so that Emerson once,

Grapevine Cottage

at a distance, mistook him for Alcott. His son said that it was Bull. '"Oh, well, Bull," said Emerson. "That is quite another matter. I thought Alcott looked more like a gentleman and less like a philosopher than usual."' But when Bull retired he laid aside his top hat and wig, let his own white hair and beard grow long, and loved to putter among his plants in his dressing-gown and silk skull cap. He grew older, feebler, and poorer, and finally died (1895) in Concord's Home for the Aged. Trusting no one in business after his reverses, he never would put on the market four other grapes which, out of some twenty-two thousand seedlings brought to maturity, he considered equal to the Concord. His tombstone says truly that he sowed, but others reaped [page 23].

Meriam's Corner. A half mile farther along Lexington Road, one comes to Meriam's Corner, where the Old Bedford Road comes in from the left. A tablet in the wall records the event which happened here, when the British quitted Concord [page 70]. The head of the column of grenadiers reached the corner, to the left of which was the Meriam homestead, still standing. At the same time the light infantry flankers marched down from the ridge, and the minute-men of Reading and Billerica approached on the Old Bedford Road. The British joined, and marched across a little bridge then existing on the road to Lexington, where now is but a culvert. The regulars marched 'with very slow, but steady step, without music, or a word spoken that could be heard. Silence reigned on both sides.' After crossing the bridge the rear guard turned and fired, though by one account the Americans fired when the bridge was full. Next, as the firing became general, appeared the men from the North Bridge, coming round the ridge. Wrote one of them, 'a grait many Lay dead and the Road was bloody.'

Here began the running fight which drove the British all the way back to Boston [page 70].

Thoreau's Birthplace. From Meriam's Corner the Thoreau-lover will go on to the Thoreau birthplace. Following the Old Bedford Road, which leads to the left, and taking the Virginia Road, the first road to the right, he will pass on the left (about a third of a mile from the turnoff) the original *site* of the Thoreau house. Here now stands a later house, with the sign, 'Thoreau Farm.' The original house was moved many years ago to its present position, the next beyond the newer house, on the same side of the road. While it has been considerably changed, the room of the birth can still be seen, if convenient to the owner, at a moderate fee.

Retracing his steps, the visitor returns to the village, and may revisit anything that has specially interested him. There are more places to be seen in Concord than those listed in this Guide, and more is to be learned of its events and people. These can be followed up, at least in part, in the History which follows, and more completely by the aid of the Bibliography at the end of the book, which will provide much reading matter concerning a town which, for its size, is one of the most interesting in the United States.

HISTORY : A brief study of the first two hundred and fifty years

COLONIAL PERIOD

Concord's history divides itself naturally into three periods: the founding, with the early struggles to survive; the Revolutionary, with the reason for and the facts of Concord Fight; and the literary, with the local story of some of the country's greatest writers. These follow each other in order of time but in the same scene, for Emerson walked where his ancestor Bulkeley made the treaty with the Indians, and Hawthorne dwelt but a furlong from the North Bridge. It is worth noting that through the whole story the geography of the town connects itself with the events of its history.

Where a little stream, centuries ago, ran straight through level land, the Indians made a fishweir to trap the spring run of shad and herring. On broad meadows, farther away, they cultivated, here and there, patches of maize. On two rivers which joined and made one they paddled their canoes, and along the banks they hunted waterfowl. A certain ridge which entered their territory from the east, and twice turned till it ran northerly, probably was of no use to them. So too with the three hills which rose from the plain, unless their woods could be hunted for game. At one spot the Indians held their feasts of river clams, and the shells remain to tell of it. At others the savages made and abandoned and made again their cobbled fireplaces. If the region was the scene of Indian war-

fare, there is no record of it. But where they hunted they lost their arrowheads, and where they worked they left their mortars and pestles, axes and awls. They still occupied the area in 1635, and to this day the soil renders up the stone tools that tell of them.

When white men came they saw that the brook, if dammed, would run a mill. The rivers were unimportant: they led to the wrong place by the sea.[1] But the meadows they liked, especially those spots where Indian hoes and clearance-fires had prepared the way for better cultivation. (The English had yet to learn that the rivers would overflow the lower spots.) And the ridge would be of use, for it would hold their meetinghouse and their homes in a place suited for defense. So they bargained for a six-mile square, and built the church and dam and dwellings, poor houses, half dugouts in the hillside. Their first road began at a spot, at the first rise of the ridge, where many years later would begin the running fight with the retreating British. Following on below the ridge, the road passed the place where one day would be bred the Concord Grape, and others where yet would dwell the Alcotts, and Hawthorne, and Emerson. The road turned a corner, and running straight for a while, passed the future sites of the best pre-Revolutionary houses, of the church of the original parish, and of the Townhouse in what is now the Square. Again the road turned, and seeking a site to cross the river, found one that was used for many years, where

[1] The rivers are the Sudbury and the Assabet, which at Egg Rock meet and form the Concord, which empties into the Merrimac. Though never useful for navigation, they were formerly a great means of recreation, as proved by George Bartlett's guidebook of 1885; he addressed his book not merely to Concord pleasure seekers, but also to tourists coming by water from farther away.

the British met their first defeat. All this is still the main artery and the heart of modern Concord. It is true that other important places in Concord lie farther away, also that many changes have occurred. The millpond is gone, and the millbrook is all but hidden. But the old dam, now a busy street, is still called the Milldam; and the simple geography of plain and brook and ridge still influence the daily ways of man.

The first man to map the region was William Wood, who did it crudely in his book of 1634. Probably the first to examine the place with an eye to settling was Simon Willard, 'Kentish souldier,' who came to the colony in the same year. A fur trader, he doubtless learned of the place from the Indians, and led here the group of 'planters.' Chief among these were the ministers, Peter Bulkeley and John Jones, both 'silenced' in England for their Puritanism. Their families, and those that accompanied them, amounted to perhaps sixty-five in all. The founders bore names long known in Concord history: Hosmer, Buttrick, Hunt, Ball, Meriam, Flint, and still others. Their grant from the General Court was dated September 12, 1635.

An equally necessary step was the treaty with the Indians. Tradition says that it took place under a great tree, the site of which is still marked on the Square. The white men 'on the one party, and Squaw Sachem, Tahattawan, Nimrod, Indians, on the other party,' came to an agreement. The white men gave tools, knives, cloth, and shirts, and fitted out the medicine man, husband to the female sachem, with 'a suit of cotton cloth, an hat, a white linen band, shoes, stockings, and a great coat.' Then 'Mr. Simon Willard, pointing to the four quarters of the world, declared that they had bought three miles

from that place, east, west, north, and south; and the said Indians manifested their free consent thereunto.'

It was this free consent of the Indians, some have said, that gave the name of Concord to the town. Others, however, have believed that the name, first mentioned in the Boston grant, signified the perfect agreement among the settlers themselves. At any rate, in the summer of 1636 their crops were planted on the meadows, and their first crude houses were completed, not far from the equally simple church which stood on the ridge above the present Square.

Life in Concord during its first years was hard. Bulkeley had brought money with him, and established various members of the town on farms, cutting down his own resources. But the soil was harsh, the trees many, wolves ate the swine, the meadows flooded, and most of the settlers were unskilled in the new life. They 'cut their bread very thin for a long season,' said their historian. 'Thus this poore people populate this howling Desart.' They felt their isolation, being the only ones away from tide-water, miles from the nearest whites, and fearful of the savages. At length some of them, led by the minister Jones, went away to Connecticut, leaving Bulkeley and the remainder more lonely still. It was only after another few years that Concord began to prosper.

Fear of the Indians, freely admitted by the settlers, was not justified in these earliest times. The tribesmen of that generation helped the settlers, bringing them game, and teaching them how to plant the Indian corn — with a few herring, caught in the spring run, in every hill as fertilizer. It was not until 1675 that the fear of Indians was justified. Then Meta-

comet, 'King Philip,' led the Indians against the whites. One raid came too near the town, when the two brothers Shepard, working their farm in what is now Littleton, were ambushed and slain, and their sister Mary carried off. She escaped, however, and came to Concord with the alarm. Concord men were in the famous fight at Brookfield, where various of them were killed, and where Captain Thomas Wheeler was brought out of the skirmish by his son Thomas, both of them wounded. The party, besieged in a house, was at length rescued by men under Simon Willard, then in his old age.

Concord village was spared an attack by the reputation of its pastor, Edward Bulkeley, for when the Indians consulted whether the town should be raided, a chief declared, 'We no prosper, if we go to Concord. The Great Spirit love that people — they have a great man there — he great pray!'

Two incidents during this war give honor, if not to Concord, at least to one of its citizens. Among the Indians there were converts to Christianity, who remained peaceful while their tribe went to war. Yet they were under strong suspicion by the whites; therefore to keep them from either doing or receiving harm they were brought together in Concord by John Hoar, who housed them and built them a workshop on his own land, where now stands the 'Orchard House' of the Alcotts. Feeling against them ran high, however; Hoar's humanity and protection were thought not to be enough. The Indians were taken from him by the forceful intervention of soldiers and herded together on an island in Boston Harbor, where they suffered much hardship till the end of the war.

Hoar's spirit was better appreciated, however, when

a new need arose. The Indians raided Lancaster, and carried away Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of the minister. It was believed that she could be ransomed; yet no one dared to go among the Indians with the money until Hoar offered to go. He went, was received with hatred and threats, yet his steady courage brought success, and he returned with the woman.

The peace which followed King Philip's War was presently disturbed by the coming of Governor Andros, who expressed doubt as to the citizens' titles to their land. To satisfy him were made the depositions as to Concord's bargain with the Indians from which we have already quoted. Yet to the protests of the various towns Andros declared that he valued an Indian's mark upon their treaties no more than the scratch of a bear's claw. Chiefly for this the colony rose against him, seizing the opportunity offered by the news that in England William of Orange had landed to expel King James. In this little revolt Concord took its share, on the first of the town's three historic Nineteenths of April. On that day, in 1689, Concord's company was mustered in the Square, and marched to Boston to take its part in the imprisonment of Andros.

In England, William was successful; yet he brought to an end one period of Massachusetts history. Believing the colony to be too independent, he changed its form of government. From a colony it became a province, with stricter supervision from the mother country. Under the new charter Massachusetts flourished; there were other wars, but more distant. And Concord was peaceful and prosperous until there loomed the struggle against England itself.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

The Stamp Act of 1765 made no outward disturbance in Concord, but by it the minds of the townspeople must have been prepared for further trouble. For the tea controversy, on the question of taxation, brought from the town in 1774 the declaration, characteristic of the times, that while the people would risk their fortunes and lives in defense of the King, they would equally risk them in defense of their charter rights. But the King's authority and the people's liberties proved to be deeply opposed. The town entered wholeheartedly into the struggle against new laws; its meetinghouse held the earliest sittings of the First Provincial Congress; and when the province began to gather munitions for an army, Concord became the most important storehouse for those means of war. Cannon and their carriages, powder, bullets, camp kettles, and other necessaries, were assembled in the town. The Massachusetts leaders believed that in such a patriotic place these stores could be safely kept; and it was for this reason that Concord, and Lexington on the road to Concord, saw the opening scenes of the Revolutionary War.

Perhaps because of its responsibility for the stores, Concord was earlier than most towns in organizing its minute-men. These were the younger and more active men from among the old organization of the militia of the province; the two companies were enrolled in January of 1775. There were two militia companies as well, with the Alarm Company, composed of old men and boys; but the minute-men were pledged to be ready at a minute's warning. So literally did they take this promise that they carried their guns with them to church and to the field.

The minute-men companies of the neighboring towns were organized into a regiment of which John Buttrick of Concord was major. Similarly the militia companies were formed into a regiment of which James Barrett of Concord was colonel. Barrett, the older man, had retired from military duties; but he was recalled. Slow and unwieldy on foot, he was still able to ride his horse, as he proved when occasion demanded.

Through the winter the companies of all the neighboring towns drilled at home and met occasionally in musters. A British officer sent out by General Gage, the British governor in Boston, reported these 'trainings' with much ridicule, little thinking that he himself would some day retreat before the homespuns.

Every act of either side drew both parties toward war. The governor and his troops were practically cooped up in Boston. Each practice march that the soldiers made into the country was jealously watched, lest one should be made in earnest. Nothing that Gage did could long be kept a secret from the Boston patriots. Nor could the actions of the provincials be kept entirely secret from the governor. He knew that stores were being assembled in Concord, and that an army was being formed against him. It was only common sense for him to destroy the stores if he could, to make the army helpless. Realizing this, the Committee of Safety, when it held in April its sessions in Concord, required Colonel Barrett to keep men and teams ready, by day or night, on the shortest notice to remove the stores. Then, as if knowing that the emergency was at hand, on the eighteenth the committee ordered the removal of many of the stores to towns farther away. And that very night the work

began, although no warning had come that in Boston the British expedition was on the move.

For General Gage had at last made up his mind to act. A good administrator, his patience and tact had been great; but he had lost various chances to seize the Massachusetts leaders, and even now he merely tried to take or destroy the stores. He had made no effort to lay hands on Dr. Joseph Warren, openly living in Boston, and the most active man there in watching and blocking the British moves. The mechanics and craftsmen in Boston spied narrowly on all that was done, and brought the news to Warren. And their reports on the night of the 'eighteenth of April, in seventy-five,' were that troops were on the move, assembling at the foot of the Common, not far from which it was already known that the row-boats of the men-of-war had been moored in waiting. Warren sent for two messengers, both of whom were experienced in riding post for the Committee of Safety.

One of these was William Dawes, whom Warren instructed to attempt to leave Boston by the only land exit, to Roxbury. But as soldiers held the Neck, and Dawes might not be allowed to go out on a night when some movement was in progress, Warren also sent for Paul Revere.

Revere was silversmith and engraver, craftsman extraordinary, and also a patriotic messenger on various occasions. He had lately been to Concord with a message from Warren, and on that occasion had prepared for this very emergency. To Concord, of course, both he and Dawes were sent: it could be the only objective of a secret expedition of the troops. With instructions from Warren, Revere put his plan into execution. Against British orders, he had a hidden boat; but lest

he fail in his attempt to leave the town, he sent a friend to signal patriots in Charlestown, across the river, that the troops were leaving Boston by boat. The signal was two lanterns hung in the steeple of the North Church. One of those lanterns is now to be seen in Concord, at the Antiquarian House.

Revere succeeded in crossing; though there was light from a young moon, he was not seen by warships or British patrols, and on the Charlestown shore he found friends awaiting him. On Deacon Larkin's horse he rode away on his errand. He took the most direct route, toward Cambridge; but blocked by British mounted officers, whom he saw in the moonlight, he turned back, gave them the slip, and galloped to Medford. From there, and as far as Lexington, he roused every important household on the route.

LEXINGTON

Until three days before, the Provincial Congress had been sitting at Concord, with its two chief members, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, directing every move. On the night of the eighteenth the two were sleeping at the house of the Reverend Jonas Clarke, in Lexington, with a guard of minute-men outside. When Revere arrived, about midnight, the sergeant asked Revere to make no noise. 'Noise!' he rejoined. 'You'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming out!'

The town was immediately roused. Hancock and Adams rose and dressed; but while Hancock wished to stay and fight, his wiser companion tried to persuade him to go away. The minute-man company assembled, and under its captain, John Parker, mustered on the

green. Then there was a long waiting. Dawes arrived, and he and Revere set out for Concord, accompanied by young Dr. Samuel Prescott, a Concord man who fortunately happened to be courting his sweetheart in Lexington that night. For when the three met suddenly a second patrol of British officers, Revere was taken and held, Dawes turned back toward Boston, and Prescott alone, escaping by jumping his horse over a wall, roused the captain of the Lincoln minute-men, and himself brought the news to Concord.

The Lexington company, mustered on the green in a night that was moderately cold, received no news from the scouts that they sent down the Boston road. At length their captain dismissed them to houses near by, and to the Buckman Tavern, almost on the green, to assemble instantly on the first summons.

Dawn began to break, a chilly morning, when Revere appeared again. His captors, recognizing him, had questioned him, and he had bluffed them with the story that the whole country was in arms and ready for the approaching expedition, of which, to their surprise, he appeared to have accurate news. To warn the expected column, these officers hurried to the Boston road, releasing all their prisoners. Revere hastened back to Lexington and told his story to Hancock and Adams, who quickened their departure. Revere followed them with a trunk of Hancock's papers, which he took to a place of safety. Returning once more, he was just in time to observe what happened on the green.

The detachment which Gage sent out from Boston numbered probably about seven hundred men, consisting of the grenadier and light infantry companies of all the regiments in Boston. They were therefore

unaccustomed to acting together, and not used to their superior officers. These were Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith of the Tenth Regiment, and Major John Pitcairn of the Marines. Pitcairn was a steady and sensible officer, not unpopular even with the patriots of Boston. But Smith was heavy, dull, and slow, good for routine duties, but unfitted for an expedition requiring enterprise and initiative.

Blunder after blunder caused delay after delay. The troops mustered late in the evening, but it was some time before they were in their boats, of which there were not enough. Two trips were required to ferry them across the Back Bay and to Lechmere Point in Cambridge. Then there was a long wait for their rations, some of which the men threw away as the food grew heavy on the march. Wet to the knees the men at length began their journey from the marshes; then they went fast. In the very early morning they passed through the outskirts of Cambridge and through Menotomy, now Arlington. Various stories are told of incidents on the way, but nothing happened to stop the troops until they neared Lexington. They met the scouts who had been sent from Lexington for news. But the British advance patrol, marching silently on the sides of the road, made prisoners of them, and the troops marched on. The light infantry were in the lead, under command of Major Pitcairn.

Now came to warn them the mounted officers who had earlier captured Revere. Pitcairn, halting his troops and consulting, also received the statement that an American had attempted to fire at Lieutenant Sutherland, scouting in front. The major therefore ordered the troops to prime and load, and to march on, 'but on no account to Fire, or even attempt it with-

out orders.' And so the troops moved forward, entered the village of Lexington, and approached the green.

Meanwhile the Americans had received their final alarm. Thaddeus Bowman, scouting to find why no further news of the British had come, was warned by his skittish horse, which shied at the advance picket of the British, and enabled him to see, beyond them, the head of the marching column. Galloping back, he brought the news to the Lexington captain. The drum was beat, and the minute-men came running to the green. Their sergeant formed them in two lines. There were perhaps eighty of them, drawn up in full view of the Concord road, by which the British were expected to pass. It was sunrise, and long shadows fell across the green.

Perhaps then Parker uttered the words credited to him. 'Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon; but if they want to begin a war, let it begin here!' Strong words, and suited to a desperate situation; but here was one in which the minute-men, parading without defense, invited annihilation from a force many times their number. Months of inaction had fretted the regulars; they were exasperated by the provocations given by the Yankees. If the Lexington men, drawn up where they had a right to be, had expected the troops to pass by on their mission, they were mistaken. The head of the column swerved, entered the green, and marched directly toward them.

The Lexington church stood then on the green, on the corner nearest Boston. The column passed on one side; and Pitcairn, seeing what was happening, spurred his horse around the other, to take a position where he could command both the troops and the militia. Various mounted officers were with him.

And Parker saw the unwelcome necessity of the situation. His men could not stand against so many. He gave the order 'to disperse and not to fire.' Slowly and unwillingly his men began to break ranks.

What happened then is not, and probably never will be, clear. Eyewitnesses on both sides disagree: each said the other fired first. The evidence cannot be reconciled. No doubt Pitcairn uttered the words long imputed to him: 'Disperse, ye rebels! Lay down your arms and disperse!' But he solemnly asserted that he ordered his own men not to fire, and tried to prevent it.

But his men were eager for the prey so helpless before them. Paul Revere, just then coming within sight of the green, declared that the first shot fired was from a pistol. Others said the same. Now in all likelihood the only pistols there were in the hands of the mounted officers, and some were young and hotheaded. However it happened, a shot was fired, then others, and then the advance company fired their guns, and rushed in with their bayonets.

Some Americans fell dead on the spot. Others, mortally wounded, dragged themselves away — like Jonathan Harrington, who reached his own doorstep to die at his wife's feet. And still others, fiercely resisting, were bayoneted where they stood — like Jonas Parker, killed while trying to reload.

For the Americans returned the fire, from the green and from the tavern. In the excitement and the smoke they did but little damage: Pitcairn's horse was hurt, and one of the regulars. But the British possessed the ground, and drove from it the remaining minute-men. Eight of the Americans were killed, ten wounded.

The troops, if unrestrained, might have broken into the tavern, the church, and the near-by houses,

bayoneting all that they found. But Pitcairn and his officers, and Smith who now arrived, quieted the men. They were formed again, admonished, and ordered to the road. It could not have been half an hour before they were gone, and the men and women of Lexington flocked to the scene, to take up the dead and to care for the wounded.

The townsmen were not cowed. The British had cheered before they marched away. But they would have to come back by that very road, and the men of Lexington prepared for a second encounter, when they could take vengeance for their losses [page 70].

[Guide to Lexington follows.]

GUIDE: TO LEXINGTON

FOR TOURISTS COMING FROM BOSTON ON THEIR WAY TO CONCORD

Lexington can be reached by train from the North Station. (Trains no longer go on to Concord.) Busses leave Park Square, Boston, for Lexington; or from Arlington Heights, which can be reached by cars through the Boston Subway via Cambridge. Motorists reach Lexington by Routes 2 and 2A, taking care to turn off on the combined Routes 4 and 25. Route 128 passes through Lexington from the northeast via Woburn or from the southwest via Waltham.

Sightseeing in Lexington confines itself to memorials of April 19th, 1775. As the motorist enters the town from Boston, he sees on the left a sign directing to the Munroe Tavern, above the road. Here Lord Percy with his brigade received and protected the detachment fleeing from Concord, powderless and exhausted. The tavern contains interesting reminders of old times. Proceeding, and passing the stone cannon on the right, where a British fieldpiece was placed, also passing the Cary Memorial Hall (right) which contains Sandham's painting of the Fight, one comes to the wide green, little changed since 1775. One must remember, however, that at the nearer corner, behind Kitson's fine Minute-Man statue, at a spot marked by the stone pulpit, once stood the church, which now stands beyond the farther edge of the green. Behind the church was its free-standing belfry, now on the hill to the left. To the right, across the road from the statue, still stands the Buckman Tavern, much in its original condition, where through the early hours of the morning the minute-men had waited. When called together by the alarm, they mustered at a line now

marked by a boulder, behind the old church site. The stone bears the words of Captain John Parker.

The British column, seeing the minute-men, marched to the right of the church. Pitcairn galloped round it to the left. The British volley was delivered at short range, and then the regulars charged with the bayonet. One man, however, was shot as he tried to flee from the church, where he had gone for powder — a strange place of storage. A Woburn man, captured by the British on their march, was shot as he tried to escape.

The Lexington victims of this killing lie buried at a spot marked by the blunt obelisk near the corner of the green opposite the present church.

If the visitor, turning to the right at the statue, follows Hancock Street, he soon comes to the Hancock-Clarke house, originally on the left of the road, now on the right. Here John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when roused by Paul Revere. The house is now the property of the Lexington Historical Society, and contains a fine collection of relics and antiques, the most notable being Pitcairn's pistols, captured with his horse during the fighting of the afternoon, when the British had been driven from Concord.

Returning, the visitor can go to Concord by bus. If motoring, he takes Harrington Road, on which stands the house of Jonathan Harrington, shot in the fight, who died at its doorstep. (The house is not open to the public.) Harrington Road joins Massachusetts Avenue (keep right), which leads to Route 2A and to Concord. About a mile beyond Lexington one passes on the left, at a turn of the road at the bottom of a hill, the house where James Hayward of Acton, pursuing the retreating British, met a regular at the well.

Each killed the other. The modern road to Concord by-passes two old pieces of road which the British followed. The second, turning right at the foot of a hill, leads past the old Hartwell farmhouse, now for some years a popular tavern.

The Reuben Brown House in 1915

CONCORD

Of all that had happened Concord knew nothing. Young Dr. Prescott had arrived long before dawn, with Revere's tidings. Longfellow was wrong when he wrote in his poem that Revere 'came to the bridge in Concord town.' Only Prescott's warning came to the town; and so the men in authority, wishing like those in Lexington to learn whether anything was really to happen, while they still kept on with the hiding of stores, sent a man to Lexington to bring back news.

This was Reuben Brown, harness maker, whose house still stands on Lexington Road. Mounted, he rode to Lexington to find what might be happening. And he arrived at the green just when the rattle of the British guns rang out, and when smoke enveloped the scene. Bullets whistled; perhaps one came near Brown; and he might have seen the head of the column of grenadiers, advancing on the Boston road. Brown thought he had seen enough, and turned and galloped back.

But Major Buttrick was not satisfied. He asked if the British had fired with ball. Brown's answer is quaintly delicious. 'I do not know, but think it probable.' Buttrick doubtless drew his conclusions; yet action in Concord proceeded on the assumption that the militia must not fire first.

As time passed and still the British did not appear, the minute-man companies were sent down Lexington Road to reconnoiter. They had reached the end of the ridge, at Meriam's Corner, when across the level ground they saw the British column descending the opposite slope. The regulars were so superior in force that the minute-men marched back and reported to the field officers, waiting with the militia on the ridge

opposite the meetinghouse. It was wise to depart and wait for reinforcements. The little force, consisting of the Concord and Lincoln companies, marched to another height overlooking the road to the North Bridge; here Joseph Hosmer was appointed adjutant and the whole put in order. The minister, William Emerson, urged that the place be held. 'Let us stand our ground; if we die, let us die here.' But wiser counsels prevailed: the provincials were too few. As the British were seen again, marching toward the bridge, the Americans once more retreated before them.

Two men quitted their posts in the line, leaving the ranks as they passed their own houses, to stay with their families and defend them. One was Elisha Jones: his house is now known as the House with the Bullet Hole. The other man was the minister himself, going to the Manse, where were not only his family, but also the wives and children of some of his parishioners. Jones kept himself out of sight. His house contained a number of barrels of beef, with salt fish and other stores, but it was not entered. Neither were the Manse grounds, where the minister, ignoring his wife's entreaties to come indoors, remained outside with his people, watching what happened at the bridge and on the roads.

On their arrival the British had taken possession of the center of the town. Smith and Pitcairn made their headquarters at the Wright Tavern, and they sent out parties to search for munitions. Two large brass cannon, twenty-four pounders, were discovered at the Jones Tavern. The exulting British spiked them and knocked off their trunnions. With the same feeling, the troops cut down the Liberty pole, which was on the ridge. Bullets were found and thrown into the millpond, and barrels of flour were also rolled into

The Wright Tavern

the water. But later the Americans dragged out both bullets and barrels, when it was found that the barrels had swelled, and only the outer part of the flour had been damaged. No powder was found, nor many of the important stores, for the Yankees turned aside the search of the British by one pretense or another.

Thus in Timothy Wheeler's barn were stored many barrels of flour belonging to the province, together with others of his own. He readily admitted the British searching party and showed the barrels. 'This,' he said, pointing to his own property, 'is my own. I am a miller, sir. Yonder stands my mill. This is my wheat; this is my rye; this is mine.'

'Well,' said the officer, 'we do not injure private property.' And he withdrew with his men.

The officers, therefore, were humane, and their men under control. Some of the soldiers, trying to get information from old Deacon Thomas Barrett, threatened him with death as a rebel. He remonstrated mildly: they might save themselves the trouble, for he would soon die of himself. 'Well, old daddy,' they replied, 'you may go in peace,' and they released him.

Yet there was plenty of excitement in the town. One woman, as if to receive company, put on one fresh apron after another until she was wearing seven. Her neighbor, wiser, rescued from the church the communion silver and put it in the soft-soap barrel in the Wright Tavern. When taken out next day, it was pot-black.

The excitement grew when cannon carriages which had been found were burned near the Townhouse. Martha Moulton, 'widow-woman,' went to the tavern and begged Pitcairn to extinguish the fire. The officers said good-naturedly, 'O, mother, we

won't do you any harm. Don't be concerned, mother.' But she persisted, and they sent and extinguished the fire which threatened the building.

It is the more difficult, therefore, to ascribe to Pitcairn ('a good man in a bad cause,' wrote the patriot Ezra Stiles) the story that at the tavern he stirred his toddy with his finger, and boasted that thus he would stir the Yankee blood that day. Smith, well known as the opposite kind of man, was dull enough not to see the situation that he had put himself in. More than to anyone else, the story belongs to him.

In spite of all care, a fire was started in Reuben Brown's harness shop. It was soon put out. More deliberate was the burning in the Square. The smoke of these fires was seen by the militia beyond the town, and led to action, as we shall see.

Some detachments of the regulars were sent farther away. One company was sent to the South Bridge, and, preventing passage there, searched houses in the neighborhood. A second detachment was sent to the North Bridge. The British knew that some two miles beyond the bridge was the home of Colonel Barrett, where many supplies had been stored. Six companies of light infantry, under Captain Parsons, were therefore sent on a search. Leaving half of them at the bridge to secure his retreat, Parsons went on with the rest. He did not particularly notice that, as he approached, a man was seen plowing in a field — the only man seen peacefully occupied that day. Nor did any of the British guess that cannon were lying in a furrow, and the man was plowing earth over them.

At the house the search produced no great results. Much had been carried away or concealed. Open barrels in the attic, topped with feathers, hid bullets, flints, and even cartridges; but the soldiers did not

suspect. More cannon wheels were found, however. When it was proposed to burn them on the spot, and Mrs. Barrett remonstrated for the sake of the barn, they were burned in the road. She refused to take money for food, saying, 'We are commanded to feed our enemies.' When officers threw the money in her unwilling lap she said, 'This is the price of blood.' And when she refused liquor to the men the officers sustained her, saying that they had killed men at Lexington, and more bloody work was sure to follow.

Meanwhile Captain Laurie, in command of the companies at the bridge, posted them across it, one at the bridgehead and two on the hillsides beyond, to watch and prevent any movement by the Americans. These had retreated to Punkatasset Hill, a mile farther away, where slowly reinforcements came in — the Bedford and Acton companies, the smaller one from little Carlisle, near by, and men singly or in groups from Chelmsford, Westford, and Littleton. Concord men returning from hiding the supplies joined their companies. And as the force grew in numbers, and anxiety for the town increased, they marched down again to a spot overlooking the bridge, where for a time the British below watched them with interest and suspicion.

Hosmer put the companies in line, the minute-men on the right, the militia on the left. Barrett, who had been very busy all the morning on horseback, was now on the ground, with Buttrick and the selectmen. It used to be said that the men were ordered to discard all doubtful gunflints,[1] to make sure of an effective fire. This tale was proved true only a few years ago,

[1] A gunflint (the flint of a flintlock, used to strike fire, the only method of those days) was square, entirely different from an Indian arrowhead. Flint of this quality is not native stone.

when nearly a hundred gunflints were found in the field, an unusual number that can only have come from the one cause.

As the men looked in the direction of the town, they saw smoke rising from it in new and greater quantities. It looked as if the town were on fire. And Hosmer, alarmed and indignant, went at once to the group of older men. Breaking into their consultation, he pointed to the smoke and asked the question, now historic,

'Will you let them burn the town down?'

The decision was immediate: to march into the town, or die in its defense. Colonel Barrett gave the order for the troops to march. But on no account were they to fire first.

The two British companies on the hillsides below saw that the provincials were too strong for them, and marched back to join the third one at the bridge. Lieutenant Sutherland, whom we have seen near Lexington, had come with the British as a volunteer. Impatient for something to happen, he was just starting for the Barrett farm; but thinking that 'it would be disgracefull to be taken by such Rascals,' he too went to the bridge. Here Laurie waited long enough to perceive that his own position was not safe. Therefore he marched his three companies across the bridge; then strangely, quite forgetful of Parsons two miles away, he ordered men out upon the bridge to take up the planks. Sutherland, eager to be of use, undertook to supervise the work.

On roads since gone the Americans marched down the hill, then, turning a corner, marched directly at the bridge. Buttrick was leading, and by his side, as aide, marched Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson of Westford. First in line behind them came the Acton com-

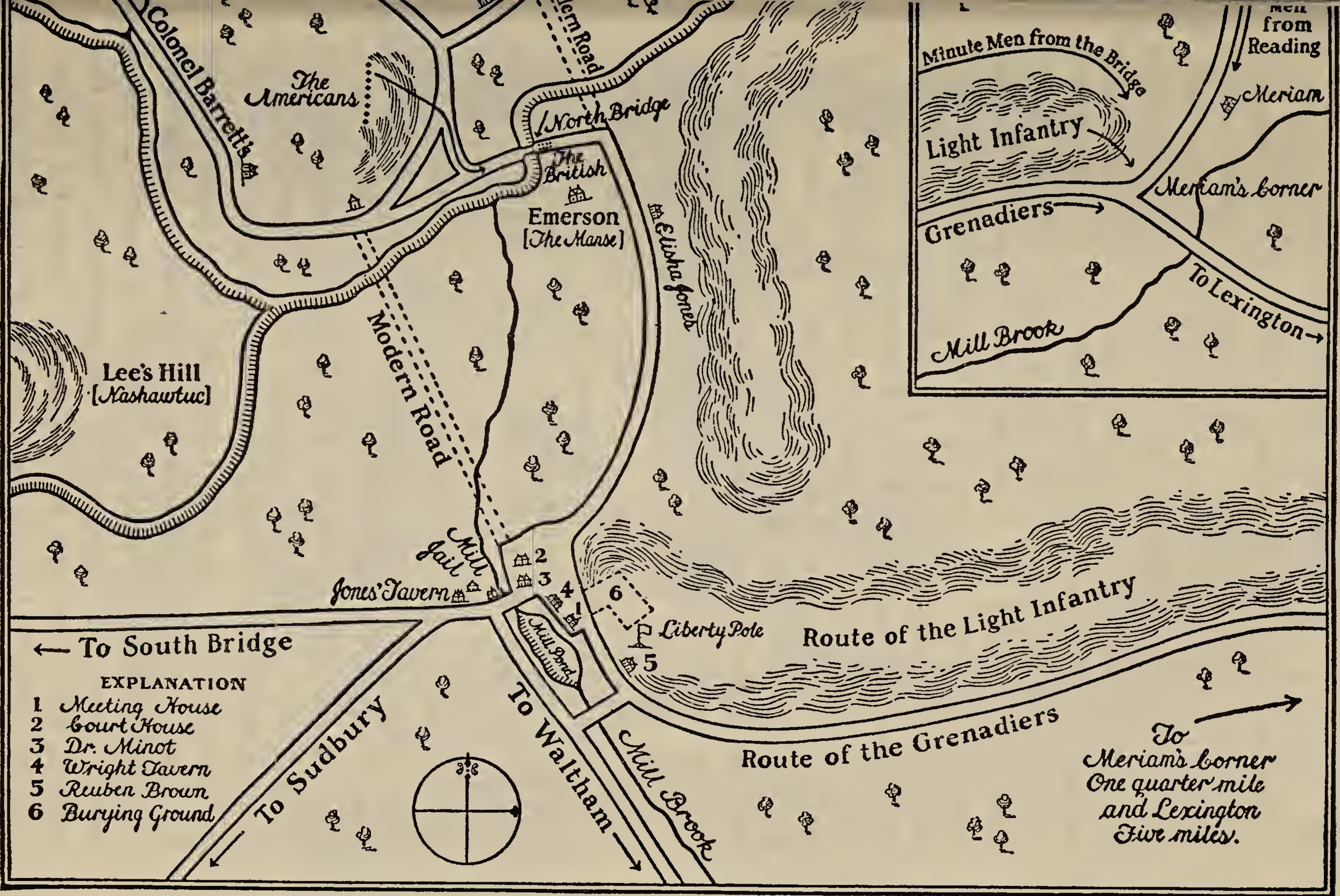
pany, whose captain, Isaac Davis, had said as he accepted the post, 'I haven't a man that's afraid to go.' The Concord minute-man companies followed, and then the remaining minute-men and militia, even down to the Concord alarm company of old men and half-grown boys. They marched two-and-two, perhaps four hundred in all, and their fifes played the stirring tune of the 'White Cockade.'

As they approached the bridge, Buttrick shouted to the soldiers taking up the planks, ordering them to 'desist.' They quitted the spot just as Laurie, to make his fire more effective, ordered men into the fields to right and left of the bridge, ready to fire on the advancing Americans. Only one officer obeyed the order: Sutherland, who took two men with him into the Manse field.

Above and behind him, the minister, Emerson, stood at the height of his own land, anxiously watching everything that happened.

In warning, next, the British fired a few shots into the river, and then another directly at the Americans. The ball passed under Robinson's arm and wounded an Acton and a Concord man. The Americans marched steadily on. Buttrick cannot have been far from the bridge, with the Acton men close behind, when the front ranks of the regulars fired their volley. It killed the Acton captain and one of his men, and wounded others in the ranks. One man, cut by a bullet, cried out that the British were firing jackknives.

Buttrick, leaping into the air as he turned to his men, shouted, 'Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!' The word was passed; the front ranks fired; and men behind them broke from the ranks to fire at the British. Then all surged forward to take the bridge.



Map of Concord Fight

A few more British shots may have been fired, but in haste, and harmless. And the regulars broke. Four of their officers, out of eight, were wounded, among them Sutherland in the field. A sergeant was hit; two men were killed; another was mortally wounded, and several were hurt. The remainder (there were but a hundred and twenty men at most) saw Buttrick and the Acton men already on the bridge. And so they ran, carrying with them their officers and the few veterans who would have held them. In that minute or two Concord Fight was over.

This was Concord's share in beginning the Revolution — attack, no longer defense. It was heroic. These men knew the law: no people could have studied the situation better. They knew the penalty of rebellion, of failure. They had every reason to fear trained soldiers better armed than themselves. But protecting their homes, and at last defying their king, they struck to make themselves free.

There was one further incident. As the straggling British passed the house of Elisha Jones, its owner rashly showed himself in the doorway of the ell, his gun in his hand. Some regular with gun still loaded, angry and glad of the mark, fired at him. The shot went wide — its hole is still to be seen, about three feet to the left of where Jones stood. The soldiers passed on, and Jones wisely put himself out of sight. But the bullet hole remains to tell the story.

Like most militia, the Americans were disorganized by their success. Some took up their dead and wounded; others, rallied and marching forward, saw a reinforcement of grenadiers approaching from the village, and took post behind walls. Forgetful of Parsons, still beyond the bridge, Smith, who led the grenadiers, halted and marched them back. The provin-

The Old Elisha Jones House — The House with the Bullet Hole

cials also forgot, and Parsons led his men in safety to the village. The Fight had happened a little before ten o'clock. It was not until about noon that Smith, wasting valuable time as he tended his wounded, marched for Boston. Equally wasteful of their time, the Americans watched and waited for any movement that Smith might make. They did not block the roads, but were merely ready to fight again. Sudbury and Framingham men came to the ground, and all were prepared to strike the British.

Smith made a good disposition as he left the town. His wounded were in commandeered chaises on the road, guarded by the grenadiers. To right and left, on the meadows and the ridge, the light infantry flanked the little column. (On the ridge, readers of Hawthorne may recall, the writer set the scene of the duel between the British officer and Septimius Felton.) A mile from town the British reached Meriam's Corner again [page 39]. And there began the famous running fight. All the way to Lexington the militia, fighting without order, every man for himself, took post behind any shelter (sometimes, forgetting the British flankers, too close) and fired at the retreating regulars, giving them no time to form, and no object at which to charge. As the British approached Lexington, the men of that town were ready for them, and took their revenge.

Yet there the regulars, tired and with empty guns, met safety. Smith's one wise action of the day was in the early morning, when he sent to Gage to ask support. And now in Lexington Lord Percy's brigade came to save him, having with it two fieldpieces which awed the militia more than all the muskets. Under this protection the fugitives rested awhile; then the two detachments marched back to Boston.

They were harried all the way by more and more provincials; they lost both men and pride; but they gave as well as took, for many Americans, venturing too close, learned that the redcoats still could strike. And the regulars made good their retreat. Late in the day the wearied remainder reached Charlestown in safety, and were ferried across the Charles (which Revere had crossed by the light of the moon) to the rest and comfort of their barracks. But that very night the Americans closed in around Boston, and began the siege which after eleven months, under Washington, drove the British from the town.

Only four Concord men (three of them captains) were wounded on that day. Concord soldiers took part in the siege of Boston. Since Cambridge was occupied by the American troops, Harvard College removed to Concord, and remained through an academic year. Classes were held in the meetinghouse, and in private houses. College Lane, a little-used highway at the western end of the town, is today the only reminder of that episode. Yet three members of the class which graduated here returned to stay: Jonathan Fay, lawyer in the town for thirty-three years; Dr. Hurd, who practiced here for fifty-five years; and Ezra Ripley, for sixty-three years minister [page 11].

In the disturbed period after the Revolution, Concord was once more the scene of rebellious activity, this time largely by old soldiers against the very Government which they had defended. Great public burdens, high taxes, business depression, bad money, and imprisonment for debt of men who had served the country, were the grievances. In September, 1786, Job Shattuck and two to three hundred men, as a part of the now almost forgotten 'rebellion' of Daniel Shays, took possession of Concord Square, closed the

courthouse, forbade the courts to sit, and petitioned for redress. The little uprising, which ended in dispersion of the shabby muster, nevertheless had a good influence in hastening Massachusetts' acceptance of the new Federal Constitution.

Concord Fight was the town's one direct experience of war, yet Concord men have always been ready to serve. As the Fight occurred just eighty-six years to a day after the town's militia marched out against Andros, so after another eighty-six years, on another Nineteenth of April, Concord's company marched to the Civil War. They have fought in all wars since. The three monuments on the Square, and the beautiful Melvin Memorial in Sleepy Hollow, testify to the devotion of Concord men.

The North Bridge

CONCORD IN LITERATURE

By a curious chance, Concord's literary story is linked with its earlier fame. William Emerson, the fiery minister, acted as chaplain in the Revolution, and died of camp fever. His son, also William, lived as minister in Boston, but died almost equally young. Meanwhile Ezra Ripley, successor to the first William, married the widow, and lived in the Manse. He was helpful to his step-grandchildren, sometimes housed the family, and said once to Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'I wish you and your brothers to come to this house as you have always done. You will not like to be excluded; I shall not like to be neglected.' It was this influence which made Emerson so much of a Concordian. In the town where his ancestors had lived (for he was a descendant of three of Concord's ministers) he himself came to dwell. And it was Emerson's influence which brought the Alcotts here, to some extent Hawthorne as well, and helped to develop the genius of Thoreau, a native of the town. Others, such as Margaret Fuller, Channing the poet, George William Curtis, came and went; but these — living, writing, dying, and buried in Concord — were Concord's literary group.

EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston in 1803, was often in Concord in his youth, but did not come here to live until 1834. Meanwhile he had been a minister, but resigned his work because he could no longer follow the old forms. He had struggled with ill-health; he had married, but was a widower. He and his mother first boarded at the Manse. His brother Charles was also in the town, where lived likewise his

eccentric aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, she who, born in 1774, used to boast that she was 'in arms' at Concord Fight, and whose oddities did much to conceal her strong good sense and high ambition for her nephews. Emerson wrote for her tombstone, 'She gave high counsels.' And he lived up to them. Coming to Concord to live, he wrote: 'Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers. . . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work.' He never swerved from that plan. Writing in the field of religion, morals, and social ethics, where thousands had worked before him, he struck out a new line of thought which helped to mold his generation and which influences America to this day.

In 1835 Emerson married Miss Lydia Jackson of Plymouth (whose name he changed to Lidian for the sake of euphony), and bought for his residence the house at the beginning of the Cambridge Turnpike. Here his children were born; and here he lived for nearly fifty years, until his death in 1882. His habits were simple. Daily when at home he walked in the fields or woods, and returned to write down in his study his thoughts or observations. These he would work over until they suited him, and then, following the custom of that day when so much of America's thinking was expressed from the lecture platform, he would set forth on his tours, delivering in towns and cities the lectures which he later published as his essays.

Emerson's one systematic book is 'Nature,' his earliest. It has structural form; the thought can be outlined from beginning to end. It was written at the Manse, most of it while sitting in Parson Ripley's crude chair with the writing arm, in which Ripley himself had written most of his innumerable sermons.

The book was published in 1836. But no other was so written according to plan. The remainder of his many volumes contain his essays, each written to a title and around a central subject which it illumines rather than dissects. The reader does not finish one and rise with the complete knowledge of Emerson's thought upon it, whether it be History, Self-Reliance, Spiritual Laws, Prudence, Heroism, or Friendship (to take some of the titles in the First Series of his Essays). Instead the reader rises inspired with thoughts aroused by the essay, and with his own conduct attuned to following them. Few essays did more to strengthen the young men of the day than the second of these, Self-Reliance, with the ancient injunction, Know Thyself, fortified by the advice, Trust Thyself.

The lecture system of those days was aided by the innumerable Lyceums which, originating in New England, spread all over the country to towns of any size. In the Lyceums, forerunners of the Chautauqua, Emerson lectured for many years, meeting the hardships naturally inherent in the stagecoaches, the crude sleeping cars, the badly heated hotels of mid-nineteenth-century America. Famous from his beginning, yet under suspicion because of his almost revolutionary thought, he made his way to complete acceptance, until his words were household in all forward-looking families in a period of controversy when new ideas were resisted by the old, welcomed by the young. Emerson was the prophet of youth when in the spiritual war against slavery the nation was coming to take sides, when the radicalism of intellectual Europe was assuming its own form on American shores, and when the old theology was crumbling, partly under his blows.

He first shocked the Puritan world, long entrenched, self-satisfied, and crystallized into a dead formalism, by his Harvard Divinity-School Address in 1838. Men of the old school at once protested at thoughts disturbingly new; it was many years before that center of conservatism invited him again. Yet invited again he was, after a long battle in which the odds turned to his side. Emerson welcomed the new science, so disturbing to the old theology. He advocated new social ideas, now fundamental and instinctive with all America. His method was not to attack the old, but to state the new, and to let his ideas stand or fall by themselves, without defense or rejoinder by him. And so sure was he of his ground, so telling in the simple force of his principles, that opponents were silenced, and support grew. Long before his death he was the venerated prophet of the new America.

One does not dissect and explain Emerson's philosophy as one can explain the structure of some other system of thought. For Emerson's ideas can never be so formulated: they are rather a way of life, never dry, always inspiring thought and action.

Some of his most memorable writing is in his poems, which cover a wide range of technical performance, more usually a vehicle for the bare simplicity of his thought than for beauty of phrase. Therefore they are sometimes more rugged than easy, more difficult than comprehensible. Yet Emerson occupies a secure place as an American poet; and his range is wide, from the childlike humor of 'The Mountain and the Squirrel,' through the pure beauty of 'Rhodora,' to the cryptic obscurity of his 'Brahma.' In the latter appears a nugget of what is called Emerson's transcendentalism, the uplifting thought that over us all is a spirit which will strengthen and lead us. This is

given more concisely still in the two lines upon his tombstone, which express the spiritual aim of Emerson's whole life and achievement:

> 'The passive master lent his hand
> To the vast soul which o'er him planned.'

A proof of the depth of Emerson's wisdom was that he allied himself with but one of the new movements of his day. America was full of enthusiasts and prophets, mystics, founders of experiments in social living. They flocked to Emerson's door; he saw the weaknesses of their ideas, yet he was very patient with them. He would not join with them, however. He did not go to Brook Farm, as Hawthorne did; nor would he take part in Alcott's Fruitlands. He went his way alone, except that upon due deliberation he supported the growing abolitionism. Yet he would not share its extremes nor its violence. He gave to it his ideas, and they gradually made their way.

Conservative Concord, though from the first it respected Emerson, was slow in following him. Said one prominent citizen to him, early in the slavery controversy, 'There are only three persons, as far as I know, whose opinions are obnoxious to the members of our community: they are, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and — if I may be so candid — yourself, Sir.' But Concord eventually followed and supported him. And personally he was always respected and beloved. The town knew him in all his transparent ways, whether working in his garden; or walking in the streets and fields and woods; or sitting in silence at town meetings, where he admired the rugged eloquence of the speakers; or beating down with his cane a sign insulting the town doctor, advocate of temperance, which drinkers had hung upon the Milldam.

Emerson had no concealments, no politics, no hesitation to speak his mind, no superiority to the simpler people around him. He was no crank, no unbalanced reformer. Gentle in manner, plain in dress, unaffected in all his ways, a true neighbor, he was yet known to be inflexible in principle and fearless of all entrenched conservatism that opposed (but so vainly) the innovations of his thought.

Emerson's life in Concord was that of a plain citizen, claiming nothing from his acknowledged eminence. He was never aloof, as was Hawthorne in his way, or Thoreau in his. Emerson served on committees. He had a strange regret for the scholarliness which he could not put off, and which barred him from the impromptu forum of the blacksmith shop or the street corner. His townsmen he always respected, and he envied practical ability wherever he saw it. Wrote he: 'I like people who can do things. When Edward and I struggled in vain to drag our big calf into the barn, the Irish girl put her finger in the calf's mouth and led her in directly.' By the same token Emerson was a poor gardener and clumsy with tools. His little boy said to him, 'Papa, I'm afraid you'll dig your leg.' A committee of the Horticultural Society called upon him to see the soil which produced such poor specimens of such fine varieties. Emerson was amused at his own limitations, admitted them, and perceived their warning. 'I stoop to pull up a weed that is choking the corn, and find there are two; close behind is a third; behind that there are four thousand and one. I am heated and untuned.' He concluded, 'The scholar shall not dig.'

But if gardening tired him and unfitted him for the study, walking did not. Though slender and apparently frail, he was a tireless walker, and found in the

Emerson's Study, now in the Antiquarian House

woods and fields stimulus for thought. The farmers knew that he respected them; on their ground he was a learner.

On the other hand, when he spoke to them from the Lyceum platform he gave them his best, never speaking down to them. One farmer claimed to have heard all of Mr. Emerson's lectures, and added, 'And understood 'em too.' A Concord workwoman, helping at Madam Hoar's, went home early one afternoon: she was going to Mr. Emerson's lecture. Asked if she understood him, she answered, 'Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought everyone was as good as he was.'

The only unkind action toward Emerson in his town was effectually checked. A neighbor sought to blackmail him by moving an ugly old shed into the lot before his house. In the night a number of young men, provided with ropes, hooks, and a ladder, came and pulled the old thing down. They were never named; but Emerson's son, writing of this many years afterward, implied that it was perfectly known who they were.

And when his house caught fire, never was neighborly help more complete in saving books, papers, and furniture, and in putting out the fire. The excitement and exposure of the incident threatened Emerson's health; but his neighbors and friends combined to send him abroad and repair the building. He went to Europe and Egypt with his daughter, recruited his strength, and when he returned was welcomed by his townspeople, who led him, under a triumphal arch, to the restored house. At first believing that the welcome was to his daughter, at last he perceived its meaning, and going back to the gate, said to them all, 'My friends, I know that this is not a tribute to an old

man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all — one family — in Concord!'

Emerson died, enfeebled by age, in 1882, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where others of his name lie around him.

ALCOTT

It was in 1840 that Amos Bronson Alcott, drawn by his friendship with Emerson, came to Concord and lived in the Hosmer 'Cottage' far out on Main Street. Here soon afterward was born the last of his four daughters. Alcott, born in Connecticut in 1799, once a peddler and tutor in the South, and but lately the owner of the unsuccessful Temple School in Boston, was a reformer in education, a writer whose first book remained largely unsold, and a philosopher whose 'Conversations' had brought him something of fame but little in money. So poor was he and unpretentious in his ways that he began in Concord, besides tilling his own garden, as a day laborer in the fields. In the winter that followed he chopped wood in Concord wood lots for a dollar a day. As he grew poorer, he did much of the housework; and from clothes handed down to his daughters he designed and cut dresses for them. But in 1842, on Emerson's money, he went to England to see unknown friends who admired him through his writings, and returned bringing the Englishman Charles Lane, and the idea of setting up a new venture in living, philosophical, vegetarian — and sadly impractical. It was begun at 'Fruitlands' in the town of Harvard in 1843, and after but a single season came to complete failure. Alcott's disappointment and disillusion were so great that he

wished to die; but Nature was too strong. In 1844, again with Emerson's help, he returned to Concord, and the next year moved into the house on Lexington Road which he called 'Hillside,' later to become Hawthorne's 'Wayside.' By planting and hard labor he improved the place within and without, and lived there several years.

Emerson wrote of Alcott, 'He is a great man.... His conversation is sublime.... Yet when I see how he is underestimated by cultivated people, I fancy none but I have heard him talk.' But perhaps Emerson gave Alcott an inspiration that no one else could supply. At any rate, Concord, and the wider world of his day, never understood Alcott — and he took a deal of understanding. He never learned the value of money, and his wife and children carried many cares of which he seemed unaware. Unpractical, though a hard worker with his hands, according to all worldly standards he was improvident, depending as he did upon the guidance of one higher than himself. His books brought him little money; his lecture tours brought him almost less, for from one he returned with but a dollar in cash. The help of Emerson tided him through his worst period. Yet the 'Sage of Concord' was serene and untroubled among difficulties which he hardly perceived. His trust in Providence was sublime: once it all but confounded his loving but doubting family. On a snowy winter's night, when characteristically the supply of wood was very low, a neighbor's child came and begged fuel, for there was a baby in the house, and no money. Mrs. Alcott hesitated: she also had a baby. But Alcott said, 'Give half our stock. The weather will moderate, or wood will come.' The wood was given, but the weather grew worse, and at bedtime the Alcotts were about to cover their fire

Orchard House, Home of the Alcotts

to keep it, when a farmer knocked at the door. He had started for Boston with a load of wood, but the drifts were so bad that he asked if he might not drop the wood in the Alcotts' yard. Alcott might pay for it at any time. The family was deeply impressed; the incident seemed to justify one of Mrs. Alcott's sayings: 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered.'

With providential and with neighborly care Alcott plodded on. A certain amount of recognition came to him, very comforting when Concord, recognizing at last the worth of his educational ideas, made him superintendent of its schools. But he was always idealistic and impractical, as his daughter once humorously indicated. He had at length set up in Concord his longed-for School of Philosophy, which in its short life caused a pleasant flutter among the many theorists of the day. Miss Alcott, being asked to define a philosopher, said that he was a man up in a balloon, with his family holding to the ropes and trying to haul him back to earth.

Fortunately this very daughter Louisa held the strongest rope. She never hauled him down; but she sent up ample supplies, so that he and his fellow-dreamers could hover above the earth in comfort. Her story is one of real heroism.

LOUISA ALCOTT

Louisa May Alcott was in 1832 born into this family where everything revolved around the father, and where hardship was cheerfully borne because of the ideals which he taught and lived up to. He was almost her only teacher; but he wisely encouraged on the one hand the romping which made her strong in

youth, and on the other the play of fancy by which she came to live. Her attitude toward him was tenderly protective. For need of money she helped out at home and tried domestic service; but from first to last she stuck to her writing. She had some small success with the magazines. She went to the Civil War as a nurse, caught typhoid pneumonia, and though she survived it, it was at the cost of her health. She said that she had never been ill before, and never well afterward.

But with inborn courage and persistence, she continued her work. A publisher advised her to teach; but she answered that she would not — she would prove that she could write. Her 'Hospital Sketches' of her Civil War experiences had some success; but 'Moods,' her first novel, was not profitable. Then another publisher asked her to write a girls' book. She answered, 'I'll try.' The result was 'Little Women.'

The success of this book made her reputation and the family fortune. Other books followed, very popular in their day, and still read in ours. Yet they are, almost without exception, juvenile fiction. Only 'Little Women' reaches up to the full stature of a novel. Its portrayal of the humors of the childhood of the Alcott sisters, their difficulties and struggles on reaching maturity, the tragedy of a death, and the romance of three marriages, has pleased and touched generations of readers. No book written in Concord (it was, however, but partly written in the Orchard House) has had such a vogue or such financial success. The Alcott family burden was lifted. The father took it placidly, as he took everything. And Louisa continued writing.

The story of Louisa Alcott is, therefore, one of

dogged courage triumphant over difficulties. Not great as a stylist or a thinker, she knew how to reach the heart. Few have more deserved success. It should be better known that she wrote two touching poems: one on Thoreau's death ('Thoreau's Flute') and one to her aged and helpless father. He died on the fourth of March, 1888, she but two days later. Both lie buried in Sleepy Hollow.

The oldest sister, Anna, married and lived in Concord. A measure of artistic success and fame came to the youngest, May. She was the first teacher of Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, and in her own right a good painter, though best known for her copies of Turner. She married and lived abroad; but her youthful drawings on the walls of Orchard House are well known to tourists.

THOREAU

Another Concord writer, competing in fame with Emerson, is Henry David Thoreau. His still-growing reputation amounts, with some students, almost to a cult. He was a prophet of individualism, a student of Nature, a writer whose method of life and subject matter set him apart from all others. The comparison of him with Emerson is inevitable: their habits of work were the same, in producing books culled from voluminous journals. Alcott did the like, to be sure; but his books are pale and spineless compared with Emerson's, and even Emerson's lack the vigor of Thoreau. In the latter's essays he touches upon Emerson's ground, not always to his own advantage. But Thoreau was no imitator, except in his early unconscious following of more mature thought. Least of all did he imitate anyone in his particular field of writing or in his way of life.

Of this last it has been humorously said that it is popularly believed that Thoreau spent half of his life in Concord jail and half in Walden woods. The germ of truth in this is that he spent practically all of his life in Concord. His travels were brief; his longest stay was a year spent in tutoring on Staten Island, from which he was glad to return. But he said of himself, 'I have travelled a good deal in Concord.' And though his neighbors considered him idle, the reality is a life of steady purpose in developing his own genius. This was as peculiar as that of any American writer, yet resulted in a permanent source of inspiration to many since his day.

Thoreau was born in 1817 in a house on the Virginia Road; he was christened David Henry, a sequence which he later reversed. He went to school in Concord and to college at Harvard, and began life as teacher in the Concord public school. But Deacon Ball objected to the absence of whipping, whereupon Thoreau whipped half a dozen pupils in one afternoon and then resigned as a teacher. He then set up a school with his brother John, to whom he was devoted. But John died suddenly of lockjaw, a terrible blow to Henry. He lived then for a while in the Emerson household, in which at other periods he was a member of the family. Clever with his hands as few others were, he was useful about the place, practical helper in all household matters, and companion and friend to the children.

In 1845, following a plan which he had long had in his mind, Thoreau built himself a hut on Emerson's land at Walden Pond, and lived there for a little more than two years. His time he spent wandering in the woods, writing in his journal, and completing the manuscript of his 'Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers,' the half-philosophic journal of a trip

taken some years earlier with his brother. Finding no publisher, he brought out the work at his own expense, and later had to store at home in the village the unsold copies. He had now a library, he said, of a thousand volumes, over seven hundred of which he had written himself. It was not until 1854 that he brought out 'Walden,' a book arising from his experiences at the pond, and on which, to most people, his fame rests. It is a very personal and direct account of his life there, with a semi-narrative quality impossible to Emerson. It is in fact the personal quality of his work that gives Thoreau's writings their force and interest, while Emerson's personality lies hidden.

There is, however, one more quality to the book (and to the best of Thoreau's writings) which gives it its timelessness. That is its social gospel — the need of each soul to depend upon itself, and to break free of the shackles of human conventions and ancient institutions. This scorn of what others accepted is more prominent still in his 'Plea for Captain John Brown,' and his 'Civil Disobedience,' the latter said to have been in great part the inspiration of Gandhi.

Besides these two books and a few essays and speeches, Thoreau printed nothing in his lifetime. Much was published after his death, however, including his many journals. Necessary to his life at home, after Walden, were his wide wanderings in the town and in fact in the region. If he wanted to go anywhere he would strike across country afoot. His costume was unconventional, his manners abrupt; to strangers he was crusty, and even to his friends he was, as Emerson said, 'with difficulty, sweet.' Yet he had a few close friends, the poet Channing, Emerson himself, Alcott, and others less known. In his own fashion he let people see how little he cared for their

Thoreau's Cairn at Walden

ways. In protest against the Mexican War he refused to pay his poll tax, and therefore was put in jail. But the stay was for a single night, as his aunt paid the tax, and he was set free.

Thoreau never married. His youthful love affair with Ellen Sewall (who refused both brothers) was short and on his part transcendentally lofty. She cannot have understood him, and he was not easy to understand. Disappointed though he may have been, he had no self-pity. And viewed at this distance, a married Thoreau seems impossible. If for a time the dream seemed to lure him from his course, the vision faded. The experience threw him still further back into himself, and he went his strange way, free of all such ties.

Thoreau was mistaken in his claim that he was independent of society, that he lived on the few beans that he raised at Walden, or on the few dollars that later he chose to earn yearly. He squatted on Emerson's land; before and afterward he lived with his parents and sisters. Money for his personal needs he earned by lecturing (at which he never was a success), by surveying or by carpentering, or in his father's pencil factory. It is not true that when he had learned to make a perfect pencil he gave up making more; the truth was that his improved method of making graphite was more profitable and drove the other business out. Nevertheless, while Thoreau was more dependent on society at large than he cared to acknowledge, in all his ways he was aloof. He simplified his life. In Concord affairs he took no part except when he lectured at the Lyceum, or when in his indignation at the fate of John Brown he called the town together to listen to his 'Plea.' A timorous friend advised him to give up the plan. He replied that there was to be a

meeting, and that he would speak. His courage, in large ways like this when public opinion was against him, or in the small ways of manners and daily life, was not to be questioned. The force of his example and the power of his words have inspired many to follow him in breaking free from the minor absurdities of custom or the great injustices of a complacent society. And in these ways he is still a force.

Perhaps the intensity with which he lived his life, thought his thoughts, and expressed them in his striking fashion, wore down the oaken strength which Emerson admired. He was reckless of exposure, and a cold gave way to consumption. As he lay dying in his Main Street house, a relative ventured to ask him if he had made his peace with God. The independent, free in religion as in everything else, replied, 'I didn't know that we had ever quarrelled, Aunt.' He died in 1862, and, like the others of whom we have written here, lies on the ridge in Sleepy Hollow.

HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne, more of an outsider than all the rest, more solitary in Concord streets than Thoreau at Walden, is yet more identified with Concord than with any other of his various residences. Born in Salem in 1804, he lived in his youth the life of a recluse even in his own home, and emerged only gradually into the outer world. Always a writer, but without marked early success, he spent a year at the idealistic Brook Farm. Then marrying, he brought his bride to Concord in 1842, to live three years in the house which, following the title he gave the book that he wrote there ('Mosses from an Old Manse'), has ever since been called the Old Manse. But the book

failed to remove the pressure of necessity; for the needs of his family he accepted an appointment at the Salem Customs House, and so in 1845 brought to an end his first Concord period.

In spite of the need of money, however, his life in the Manse was idyllic. Thoroughly happy in his wife, he desired no other human companionship, would sometimes flee when strangers appeared, and once when his wife was away for two days he took pride in speaking to no one, not even the servant. He worked in his garden before the house, and often was seen standing long periods in meditation, leaning upon his hoe. He walked to the village for his mail, shy of all that he met. And he wandered in the fields, or rowed on the river in the boat which he bought of Thoreau, sometimes with Thoreau himself.

For he was ready to receive certain friends who had secured his approval. Emerson would come, and Channing the poet, and Thoreau, whose silence was like Hawthorne's own. Margaret Fuller was an occasional visitor. Also there came friends from other places, such as Franklin Pierce, not yet President. Hawthorne was constant in his affections, though closest of all to his heart was his love for his wife and children.

In 1852 Hawthorne returned again to Concord. His novels ('The Scarlet Letter,' 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and 'The Blithedale Romance') had brought him success. In the 'Romance,' the scene of the searching for the body of the drowned Zenobia was drawn from an incident in Concord itself. More prosperous now, Hawthorne bought Alcott's 'Hillside,' named it 'Wayside,' and fitted it for his occupancy. Here he collected some of his earlier stories, and wrote 'Tanglewood Tales.' Here also, at the re-

The Old Manse

quest of Franklin Pierce, then campaigning for the Presidency, he wrote for him a campaign biography.

Although no longer so great a recluse, Hawthorne was still shy. He spent long hours meditating on the ridge behind his house, and when descending, Alcott said, 'if he caught sight of any one in the road he would go under cover like a partridge.' He knew the town so little that when the Emerson children showed him pictures of the Square and the Milldam he asked where they were.

When Pierce was made President he offered Hawthorne the consulship at Liverpool. After but a year at Concord, therefore, Hawthorne went away again, to stay abroad seven years. He traveled on the Continent, made with his 'Marble Faun' still more success, and returned in 1860 almost a man of the world. In company he now met people readily; yet he would withdraw himself, to meditate on the problems which burdened him. The charge that he was gloomy, at least in the subjects of his stories, was always denied by his worshiping wife. He was, she said, 'like a stray Seraph, who had experienced in his life no evil, but . . . saw and sorrowed over evil.'

If we accept that explanation, his vision and his sorrow overcame him in the last few years of his life. The Civil War oppressed him, some physical cause also may have sapped his strength, and he could do no steady work. In the 'tower' which he built on top of 'Wayside,' where he could be safe from interruption, or in meditating long upon his ridge, he could not bring to a satisfactory end the four separate novels which he tried to write. His mysterious burdens were too great. At length, going away with Pierce for a vacation in New Hampshire, he died in his sleep on the night of the eighteenth-nineteenth of May, 1864.

His body was brought back to Concord, and he lies buried near his famous friends.

Emerson, the Alcotts, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, are the group on whom the literary fame of Concord will most securely rest. Other well-known writers have lived in Concord for longer or shorter periods, notably Margaret Fuller, George William Curtis, the younger William Ellery Channing (the poet), Frank B. Sanborn, and Jane Austin, the American historical novelist. Here lived also 'Margaret Sidney' (Mrs. Daniel Lothrop), author of the 'Five Little Peppers' stories [page 37]. But these are either less in fame or of a later time. We stop, chronologically, with the death of the Alcotts, and leave to a later or a larger book the many facts and anecdotes about those who, in this or other fields of endeavor, have added to the reputation of Concord.

The Emerson House

The Milldam in the Horse-and-Buggy Days

READING LIST

HISTORICAL

Most of these are out of print, but are worth seeking in public libraries.

SHATTUCK, LEMUEL, 'History of Concord,' 1835.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 'Bi-Centennial Address.' In Complete Works, Centennial edition, volume, 'Miscellanies.'

FRENCH, ALLEN, 'Old Concord' (Little, Brown and Company), 1915.

FRENCH, ALLEN, 'The Day of Concord and Lexington' (Little, Brown and Company), 1925.

FRENCH, ALLEN, 'General Gage's Informers' (University of Michigan Press), 1932.

MURDOCK, HAROLD, 'The Nineteenth of April, 1775' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1923.

SWAYNE, JOSEPHINE LATHAM, 'The Story of Concord, Told by Concord Writers' (Meador Publishing Company), 1939.

WALCOTT, CHARLES H., 'Concord in the Colonial Period' (Estes and Lauriat), 1884.

Professor TOWNSEND SCUDDER, of Swarthmore College, has in hand a projected History of Concord.

LITERARY

One should read the great writers themselves as well as books about them. As a taste at first hand from each, the following are suggested.

EMERSON. The best complete edition is the Centenary (Houghton Mifflin Company), twelve volumes, with ten from the Journals. Read at least 'Nature' (not the essay but the complete book); the first and second series of 'Essays,' 'Conduct of Life,' 'Representative Men.' In the poems read (and study) at least 'Good-Bye,' 'Each

and All,' 'The Problem,' 'Hamatreya,' 'The Rhodora,' 'Woodnotes,' 'Musketaquid,' 'Concord Hymn,' 'Brahma.'

There are, however, shorter editions of Emerson, considerably reduced. The 'Libraries,' such as Everyman's, the World's Classics, and the American Writers' Series, have excellent volumes of selections, sometimes with valuable introductory essays.

Selections from the Journals are collected into 'The Heart of Emerson's Journals,' edited by Bliss Perry (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1926.

THOREAU. The best collected edition is 'The Writings of Henry David Thoreau,' 1906, twenty volumes including the Journals. But as with Emerson (above) there are various collections in the different 'Libraries.' Most of these contain 'Walden' complete. This should be read in any case, with parts of 'Cape Cod' and 'The Maine Woods,' and the essays 'A Plea for Captain John Brown,' 'Civil Disobedience' (sometimes called 'Resistance to Civil Government'), and 'Walking.' The Journals are very long, but are condensed in 'The Heart of Thoreau's Journals,' edited by Odell Shepard, 1927. 'Men of Concord,' selected by Francis H. Allen, and finely illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, is excellent, 1936. (All these are published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

BRONSON ALCOTT. His original volumes are out of print and are hard reading nowadays. Better is 'The Journals of Bronson Alcott,' edited by Odell Shepard (Little, Brown and Company), 1938.

LOUISA ALCOTT. Her best book is 'Little Women,' in various editions. Others do not reach up to the same stature; but 'An Old Fashioned Girl' and 'Little Men' are good reading.

HAWTHORNE. His best are perhaps 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'The Marble Faun,' 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and such collections as 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' the preface of which tells of his Concord life. The Journals are best found in 'The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals,' edited by Newton Arvin (Houghton Mifflin Com-

pany), 1929. More complete are the 'American Notebooks' and the 'English Notebooks,' edited by Randall Stewart (Yale University Press), 1933 and 1941.

An excellent collection of excerpts from Concord writers (all about Concord but not, like Mrs. Swayne's book, above, systematically historical) is 'Classic Concord,' edited by Caroline Ticknor (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1926.

BIOGRAPHICAL

'The Flowering of New England,' by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton), 1936, places the writers in relation to each other and to their time.

'American Renaissance. Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman,' by F. O. Matthiessen (Oxford University Press), 1941, is a much more abstruse study.

EMERSON

Brooks, Van Wyck, 'The Life of Emerson' (Dutton), 1932.

Cabot, James Elliot, 'A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1887.

Emerson, Edward Waldo, 'Emerson in Concord' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1889.

There are other biographical and literary studies of Emerson.

THOREAU

Bazalgette, Leon, 'Henry Thoreau, Bachelor of Nature,' translated by Van Wyck Brooks (London, Cape), 1925.

Canby, Henry Seidel, 'Thoreau' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1939.

Channing, William E., 'Thoreau the Poet Naturalist' (Goodspeed), 1902.

Salt, Henry S., 'Life of Henry David Thoreau' (London, Scott), 1906.

Van Doren, Mark, 'Henry David Thoreau' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1916.

ALCOTT, AMOS BRONSON

Sanborn, F. B., and Harris, W. T., 'A. Bronson Alcott, His Life and Philosophy' (Roberts), 1893.

Shepard, Odell, 'Pedlar's Progress' (Little, Brown and Company), 1937.

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY

Bradford, Gamaliel, Essay in 'Portraits of American Women' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1919. (Contains also an essay on Sarah Ripley.)

Cheney, Mrs. E. D. L., 'Louisa May Alcott, Her Life, Letters, and Journals' (Little, Brown and Company), 1911.

HAWTHORNE

Arvin, Newton, 'Hawthorne' (London, Douglas), 1930.

Hawthorne, Julian, 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1884.

Hawthorne, Julian, 'Hawthorne and His Circle' (Harper and Brothers), 1903.

Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne, 'Memories of Hawthorne' (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1897.

Index

Academy, 2, 25
Academy Lane, 2
Acton minute-men, 17, 63, 65, 66, 68
Adams, Samuel, 29, 50, 51, 57
Alarm company, 47, 66
Alcott, A. B., 4, 20, 25, 26, 32, 38, 42, 73, 77, 81 ff., 86, 92, 98, 100
Alcott family, 20, 22, 26–27, 86, 94, 95
Alcott, Louisa M., 26, 84 ff., 86, 92, 98, 100
Andros, Governor, 3, 46, 72
Antiquarian House, 12, 17, 19, 25, 31, 32 ff., 49
'Apple Slump,' 34
Art Center, 29
Assabet River, 19, 42
Ball, Nehemiah, 19, 87
Barrett, James, 7, 48, 63, 64, 65; farm of, 9, 14, 16, 19, 20, 63–64
Barrett, Thomas, 20, 62
Barrett's Mill, 20
Barrett's Mill Road, 19–20
Battleground, 13 ff.
Bedford Street, 3, 20 ff.
Belknap Street, 2, 27
Bliss, Daniel, 9
Book Shop, 27
Brewster, William, 18
Brister's Hill, 27
British did not fire from hip, 17
British graves, 14
Brook Farm, 77, 91
Brown, John, 26, 29, 88, 90
Brown, Reuben, 29, 32, 59, 63
Buckman Tavern, 51, 54, 56
Bulkeley, Edward, 45
Bulkeley, Peter, 6, 19, 41, 43, 44
Bull, E. W., 23, 38
Buttrick, John, 7, 18, 45, 59, 64, 65, 66, 68
Buttrick house, 18
Buttrick monument, 18
Catholic Church, 6, 20
Channing, William Ellery, 21, 26, 73, 88, 92, 95
Cheney Elms, 25
Christian Science Church, 19
Clarke, Jonas, 50
College Lane, 71
Colonial Inn, 3, 4, 19
Concord Fight, 6, 13–17, 64–68, 72; diorama of, 16–17, 33
Concord Grape, 23, 38, 42
Concord River, 16, 19, 42
Concord, the name of, 44
Curtis, G. W., 18, 73, 95
Davis, Isaac, 17, 66
Dawes, William, 49, 51
Diorama of Concord Fight, 16, 17, 33
'Dovecote,' 27
Egg Rock, 19
Elm Street, 26, 27
Emerson, Mary Moody, 23, 73
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 4, 11, 12, 13, 17, 21, 22, 25, 29, 31, 33, 37, 41, 42, 73 ff., 81, 82, 86, 87, 88, 90, 91, 92, 95, 97, 99
Emerson, grave of, 22
Emerson house, 29
Emerson, William, 7, 10, 11, 29, 60, 66, 73
Fairyland, 28
First Parish Church, 29
Freeman, Brister, 28
French, Daniel C., 17, 21, 25, 86
Fruitlands, 77, 81
Fuller, Margaret, 21, 73, 92, 95
Glory Board, 5
Grapevine Cottage, 37–38
Gunflints, 18, 33, 64–65
Hancock, John, 29, 50, 51, 57
Hancock-Clarke House, 50, 57
Harrington, Jonathan, 54, 57
Hartwell Farm, 58
Harvard College, 71
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 4, 10, 12, 13, 21, 22, 25, 35 ff., 41, 42, 70, 73, 77, 78, 91 ff., 98, 100
Hawthorne, Mrs., 13, 21, 22
Heywood house, 31
Hildreth's Corner, 19
Hill Burying Ground, 6 ff.
'Hillside,' 35, 82
Hoar family, 23–24, 25–26
Hoar, John, 23, 34, 45–46
Hoar, Samuel ('Squire'), 23, 25
Hosmer, Abner, 17, 66
Hosmer cottage, 26, 81
Hosmer, Edmund, 19
Hosmer, Joseph, 18, 26, 60, 64, 65
House with the Bullet Hole, 10, 60, 68
Hubbard Street, 27
Indians, 3, 24, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46

Jack, John, 7–9
Jethro's Tree, 3
Jones, Elisha, 10, 60, 68
Jones, John, 43, 44
King Philip, 45
Lane, Charles, 81
Laurie, Captain, 16, 64, 65, 66
Lexington, 1, 13, 47, 50, 51 ff., 70
Lexington, Guide to, 1, 56 ff.
Lexington Road, 3, 29 ff., 59
Liberty Pole, 60
Liberty Street, 18–19
Library, Public, 2, 12, 24, 26
Little, Harry B., 25, 32
'Little Women,' 28, 34, 85
Lothrop, Mrs. Daniel, 22, 25, 37, 95
Lowell Road, 3, 19
Lyceums, 75, 80, 90
Main Street, 2, 24 ff.
Main Street Burying Ground, 25
Manse, The Old, 10 ff., 16, 60, 73, 74, 91, 92
Melvin Memorial, 21, 72
Meriam's Corner, 6, 39, 40, 59, 70
Middle Street, 2
Middlesex Hotel, 6
Mill brook, 43
Milldam, 23, 27, 43, 77, 94
Mill pond, 24, 43
Minute-Man statue, Concord, 16, 17, 53; Lexington, 56
Minute-Men, 47, 50
Monument Hall, 6
Monument Street, 3, 9 ff.
Monument Square, *see* Square
Moulton, Martha, 62
Munroe Tavern, 56
Munroe, William, 51, 53
'Nature,' 12, 33, 74
Nineteenths of April, 46, 72
North Bridge, 6, 13, 16–17, 33, 41, 60, 63, 66, 68
Old Manse, *see* Manse
'Orchard House,' 34, 45, 85, 86
Parker, John, 50, 53, 54, 57
Parker, Jonas, 54
Parsons, Captain, 14, 16, 19, 63, 68, 69
Percy, Lord, 56, 70
Pierce, Franklin, 37, 92, 94
Pitcairn, Major John, 7, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 60, 62, 63
Prescott, Samuel, 51, 59
Provincial-Congress, 29, 47, 50
Public Library, *see* Library
Punkatasset Hill, 18, 64
Red Bridge, 19
Revere, Paul, 3, 33, 49 ff., 52, 54, 59, 71
Ridge, 7, 41, 42, 44, 59, 94
Ridge path, Sleepy Hollow, 21, 95
Ripley, Ezra, 11–12, 71, 73, 74
Ripley, Samuel, 12
Ripley, Sarah, 12
River Street, 26
Rivers, 19, 41, 42
Robinson, Lieut.-Col., 65, 66
'Sage of Concord' (Alcott), 82
Sanborn, Franklin B., 21, 26, 95
School of Philosophy, 35, 84
'Septimius Felton,' 37, 70
Sewall, Ellen, 90
Shattuck, Job, 3, 71
Shepard, Mary, 45
'Sidney, Margaret,' 22, 37, 95
Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, 21 ff., 81, 86, 91, 95
Smith, Lieut.-Col. Francis, 7, 52, 55, 60, 63, 68, 70
South Bridge, 26, 63
Square, The (Monument Square), 1, 2, 3 ff., 19, 24, 29, 44, 63, 71, 72, 94
Sudbury River, 19, 41, 42
Sutherland, Lieut., 16, 52, 65, 66, 68
Texas, 27
Thoreau, 2, 4, 18, 19, 22, 25, 28, 29, 31, 33, 34, 40, 73, 78, 86 ff., 92, 94, 98, 99
Thoreau, John, 4
Thoreau, John (the son), 22, 87
Thoreau-Alcott house, 25–26, 91
Thoreau Texas house, 2, 27
Thoreau Street, 2, 27
Townhouse, 6, 20, 42, 62
Transcendentalism, 76, 82
Trinitarian Church, 24, 27
Virginia Road, 40, 87
'Walden,' 28, 87, 88, 90
Walden Pond, 27, 87
Walden Street, 24, 27
War monuments, Concord, 4, 72
War monuments, Lexington, 57
'Wayside,' 35, 82, 92, 94
Webster, Daniel, 25
Wheeler, Thomas, 45
Wheeler, Timothy, 62
White, Deacon, 4, 19
Whitney, Samuel, 35
Willard, Simon, 43, 45
Wright Tavern, 3, 6, 29, 60, 62

4776